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MARCH—VOL. LXXXIII.

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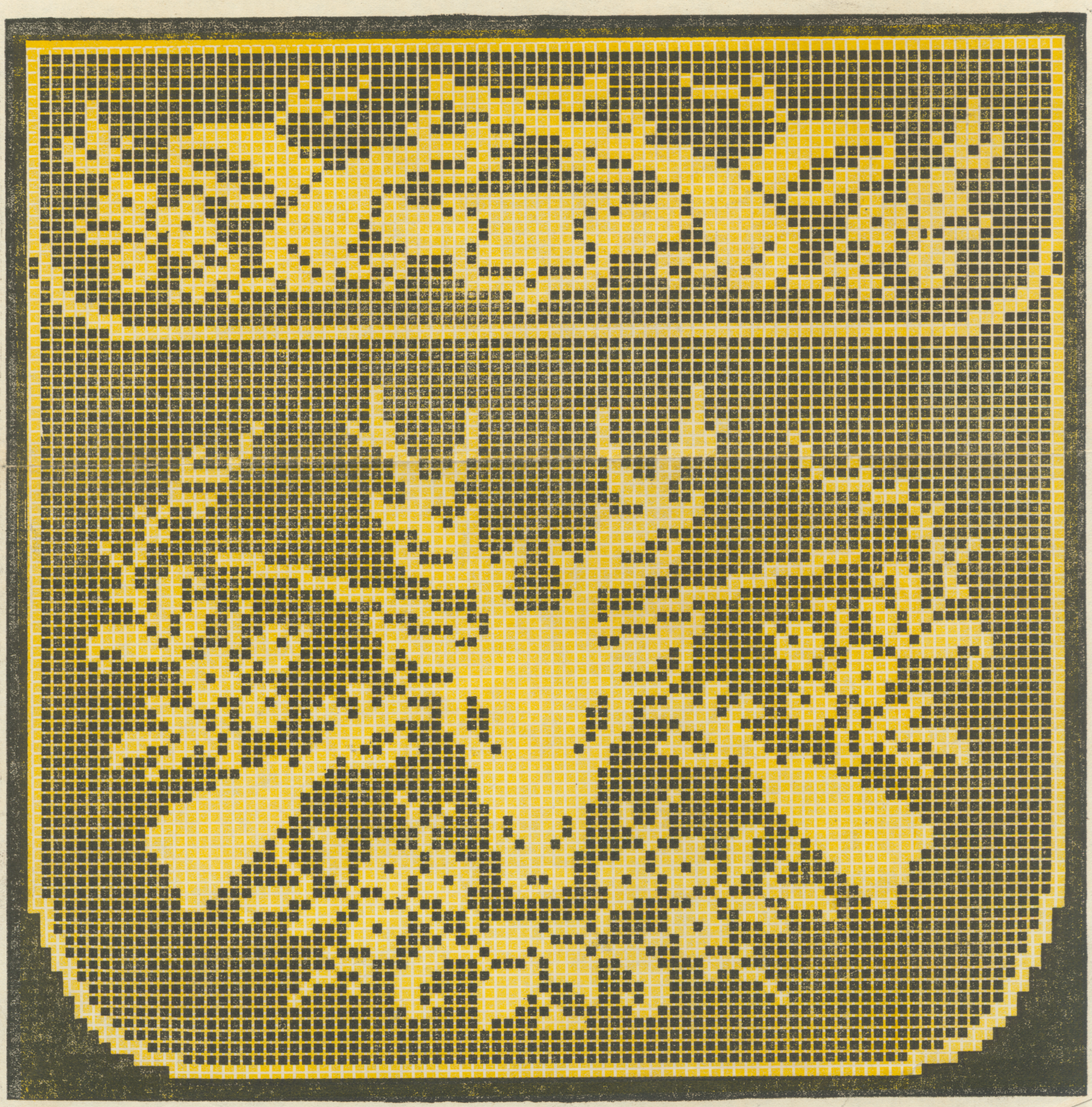
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MARCH, 1883. BIDDING GOOD-BYE.



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Painted by Mrs Allingham.

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"FORGET-ME-NOT." [*See the Story.*]









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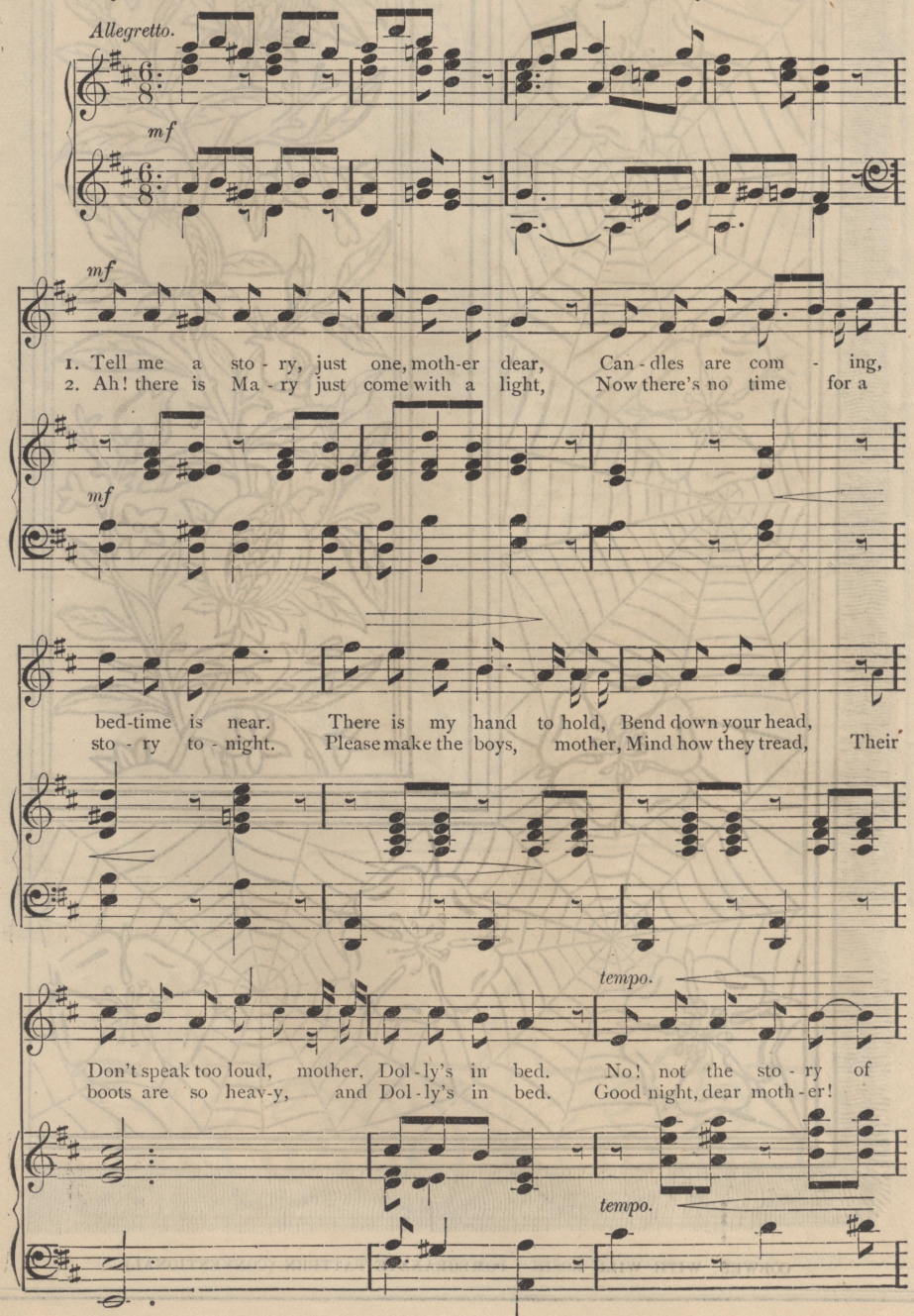


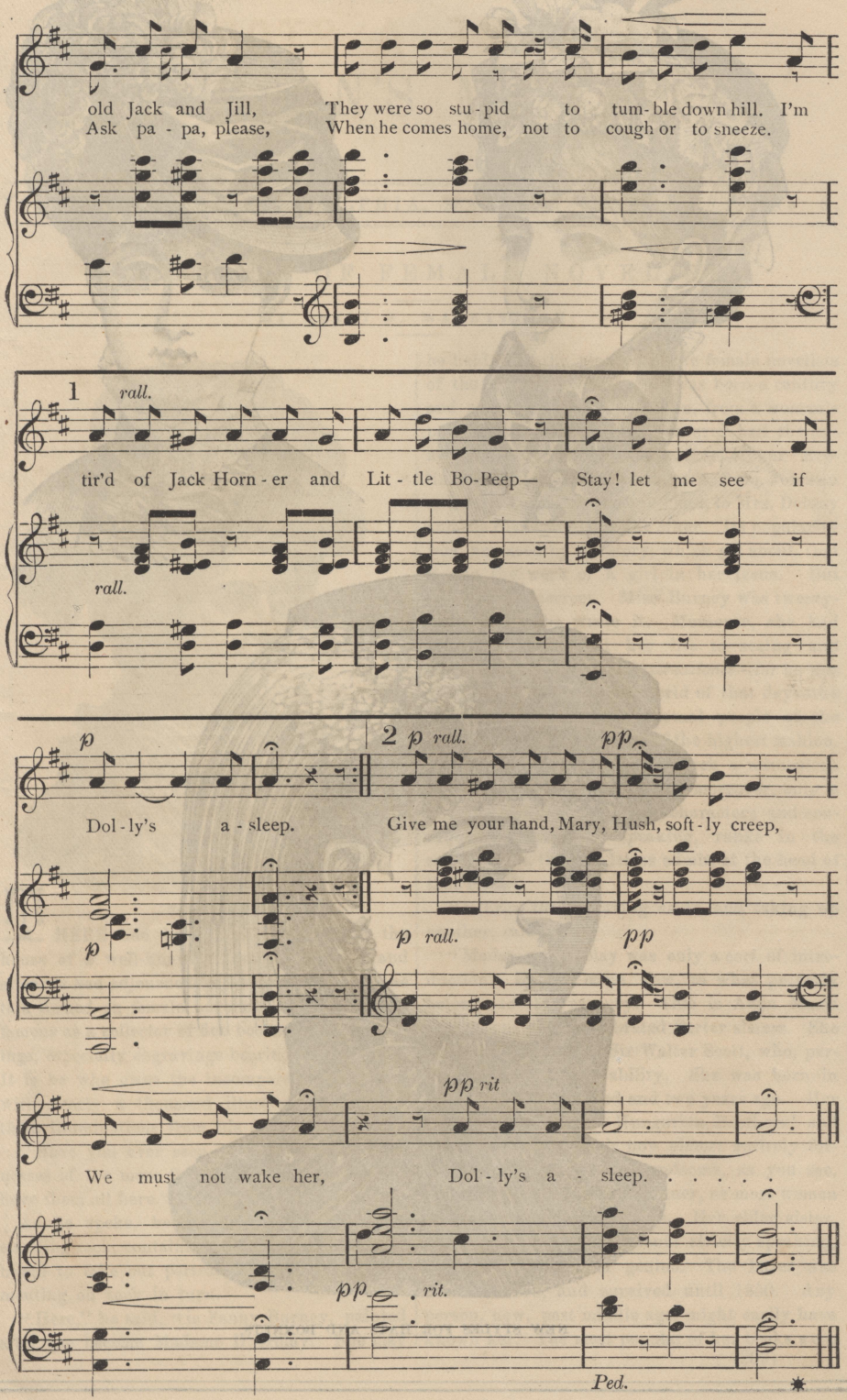
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TELL ME A STORY.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Music by A. H. BEHREND.




old Jack and Jill, They were so stu - pid to tum - ble down hill. I'm
Ask pa - pa, please, When he comes home, not to cough or to sneeze.
1 rall.
tir'd of Jack Horn - er and Lit - tle Bo-Peep— Stay! let me see if
rall.
p
Dol - ly's a - sleep.
2 p rall.
pp
Give me your hand, Mary, Hush, soft - ly creep,
p
p rall.
pp
pp rit
We must not wake her, Dol - ly's a - sleep. . . . . .
pp
. rit.
Ped.



NEW STYLES FOR HATS AND BONNETS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1883. No. 3.

A CENTURY OF FEMALE NOVELISTS.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.



MADAME D'ARBLAY.

THERE had been a dinner-party at the house of a well-known literary celebrity, and after we had adjourned to the drawing-room, the talk turned on female novelists. Our host was famous as a collector of fine books and of engravings, especially engravings bearing on literature. It is he who owns the incomparable Froissart, with nearly a thousand illustrations, most of them illuminations from his own pencil.

"Have you ever seen," he said, "the likenesses of the more famous female novelists? I have them all here."

As he spoke, he led the way to a large standing-rack, containing a bulky portfolio, and began to take out portrait after portrait, commenting on each in turn.

"Here," he said, "is Fanny Burney, painted after she became Madame D'Arblay. She may be held to be the pioneer of the female novelists of the modern school. She was born a century and a quarter ago. No fiction, from a woman's pen, except 'Jane Eyre,' has ever had the immediate and distinguished success of her 'Evelina.' All London raved about it, from Johnson and Mrs. Thrale on the one hand, to Mrs. Delany and the royal family on the other. Its popularity was increased by the story, which got about, that it was the work of a girl in her teens. But this was not correct. Miss Burney was twenty-eight when she wrote it. Moreover, she had been accustomed all her life to seeing and hearing, at her father's *conversaziones*—for he was a leader in the musical world of that day—the brightest and most intellectual people of the metropolis, and some even of the highest fashion. The novel was, therefore, not such a miraculous performance, after all. It is, moreover, only a novel of manners, and not of character; and consequently, critically speaking, ranks in the second class, though, let us admit, at the head of that class."

He threw the engraving aside, and taking up another, said:

"Madame D'Arblay was only a sort of introduction. But we come, now, to what properly belongs to this century. This is Anna Maria Porter, one of the celebrated Porter sisters. She was a great pet with Sir Walter Scott, who, perhaps, overrated her ability. She was born in 1781, just one hundred and two years ago. Her best works were the 'Hungarian Brothers' and 'Don Sebastian,' both now almost entirely forgotten. She was quite handsome, as you see, and a little theatrical in manner, as most women in society at her time were. Her elder sister, Jane, had much more talent: strictly speaking, neither of them had genius. The latter was born in 1776, and survived until 1850. Any person, now, past middle age, might easily have known her. The most popular of her books were



MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

'Thaddeus of Warsaw' and 'The Scottish Chiefs.' The first was translated into almost every Continental language, and was exceptionally popular, because its theme, I suppose, was Poland. In compliment to her, she was elected a lady canoness of the Teutonic order of St. Joachim, and often, after that, wore the garb in which you see her in this engraving—the uniform, so to speak, of that order."

"People think her works are no more read," said a publisher, who was present; "but I know for a fact that 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' still keeps its hold on the public. Thousands of copies of it are sold annually."

"I am not surprised," answered our host. "It is intensely romantic and emotional, and such fictions will be read by the people at large as long as human nature is human nature."

"Yes, and 'The Scottish Chiefs,' whose hero is Wallace, and which appeals to the same universal sentiment," said the publisher, "continues also to sell."

"Have you ever thought," our entertainer remarked, after a pause, "that the emotional character of those novels was due, in a large degree, to the tempestuous passions of the French Revolution? That event stirred the human heart to its profoundest depths. Everybody, in England as well as on the Continent, became emotional. People cried openly at the theatres; even George, Prince of Wales, when quite fifty, did it. If a well-bred Englishman, now, was seen in tears in such a public place, he would think his manhood disgraced forever. Orators, even n Parliament, were passionate rather than logical. Compare Sheridan or Erskine with Gladstone, for example, or even with D'Israeli. You find this emotional character in everything. It culminated in Byron, who, in this particular, was the type of his times."

"You are correct," said a well-known critic. "Certainly, things had not been so a generation earlier, nor are they so now. There is nothing especially emotional in Miss Burney's novels, nor, as a rule, in the literature of her generation: in fact, the reverse is the case. It was rather, like our own, a critical, even skeptical age."

"Here is Mrs. Inchbald," said our host, taking up another print. "She was born in 1753. Her portrait, like that of Miss Anna Maria Porter, has a touch of the theatrical about it. Such was the fashion of the age, as I have hinted. But it was personally characteristic of her. She was very beautiful: tall and slender, with hazel eyes, and luxuriant hair of a golden-auburn tint. When only sixteen years old, she ran away from home, and went to London, intend-



MISS JANE PORTER.



MRS. INCHBALD.

ing to become an actress. At nineteen, she married Mr. Inchbald, an actor, and appeared, with him, as Cordelia, at Bristol. She acted afterwards with the Kembles. But her success in this line was never great. In 1791, her 'Simple Story,' a tale of real pathos, the best of her many works, appeared. She died in 1821. She was quite ignorant, that is, for a person of her pretensions. Some of her writings, too, show a want of refinement; but her pathos was irresistible; and she may be said to have had real genius. She is now almost entirely forgotten, however: nobody, hardly, in this day, reads even the 'Simple Story.'"

"But who is this?" I said, taking up an engraving. "You have got a baby, cap and all, mixed in with your female novelists."

"No, that is Jane Austen, the best novelist, in her line, that English literature can show. Sir Walter Scott once said, you remember: 'I can do the big bow-wow,' and added, 'but Miss Austen has a delicacy of touch I don't pretend to rival.' That picture shows how absurd the fashion of dress is sometimes. Such a cap would not now be worn by any grown-up woman, without convulsions of laughter from everyone seeing it. Miss Austen was born in 1775, only a few years more than a century ago, and died in 1817. She lived a quiet, uneventful life, principally spent in Bath and Southampton. Her father was a clergyman. Her novels are perfect types of English rural life among the upper middle class, in the first decade of this century; and from that point of view have almost a historical significance; while, as realistic pictures, they rank, in literature, as Gerard Dow, Teniers, and the best of the Flemish school rank, in art."

"Only they are more refined."

"Yes, they are purity itself, morally considered."

"And intellectually?"

"As works of art, unrivaled, I think. There is nothing of its kind in the language better than 'Pride and Prejudice'; and I doubt if there ever will be."



MISS JANE AUSTEN.

"Ah, here is Mrs. Opie," I said. "I remember, in childhood, reading her 'Simple Tales.' She married Opie, the artist, who succeeded, if I recollect, Fuseli, as professor of painting at the Royal Academy."

"Yes! She is remembered for that, more even than for her writings. Her style is careless and incorrect; but she knew, like Mrs. Inchbald, how to appeal to the heart. You see, all through this age, it was the emotional quality, as I have already said, that came to the front. In person, Mrs. Opie was more noticeable than in mind: her face was bright and animated; she had beautiful auburn hair; and her figure was especially elegant. She survived until 1853."

"Who is this?"

"Ah, now we begin to touch on a different epoch: the transition, so to speak, between the

Past and Present. That is Mrs. Gore Nobody reads her novels now; but even so late as thirty years ago, they were popular; and they have a certain kind of merit, after all. She was born in 1799, and married Capt. Charles Arthur Gore, a man of good family, and an officer in the Life-Guards. That tells, to a certain extent, the whole story. Living in the fashionable world, her novels are devoted, almost exclusively, to fashionable life. Her first story appeared in 1823, her last one just twenty years after. Her novels, apart from any literary merit, have a value as pictures of life in England, among the gentry, in the second quarter of this century. She knew that class thoroughly. No novelist ever exceeded her in her desire to paint things as they were. Once, having to describe a steeple-chase, she not only asked information of a gentleman about to ride in one, but walked over the whole course with him."



MRS. CHARLES GORE.

"The emotional age had died out, by her time," I remarked. "That, at least, is what you mean, I suppose, by saying she lived in a transition age, between the Present and the Past."

"Yes! The day when passion reigned supreme had gone. The French Revolution had burnt itself out. The day of cold analysis, however, had not yet quite set in. Meantime, here is a portrait of the most beautiful authoress of them all; one of the most lovely women, indeed, of her time: the Honorable Mrs. Norton. I would have shown it to you before that of Mrs. Gore, if you had not been too quick for me; for she belonged, almost wholly, to the emotional school. Yet she was much younger than Mrs. Gore, not having been born until 1808."



MRS. OPIE.

"Poor thing! What an unhappy life was hers."

"Yes, in part; but not at the close. She was born, apparently, with every advantage; for she was a granddaughter of Sheridan, and inherited his genius; and she had both personal and intellectual gifts. What a family of girls that was! A sister is now Duchess of Seymour, and was 'Queen of Beauty' at the famous Eglintoun tournament; and another was Mrs. Blackwood, author of 'I'm Sittin' on the Stile, Mary,' and mother of Lord Dufferin. Mrs. Norton wrote 'Stuart of Dunleath,' and various other novels and tales, most of them now quite forgotten. Some of her poetry, however, is still read."

"It is better, I think, than that of Mrs. Hemans, her cotemporary," I said. "It has, at least, more force. Her poem, 'The Undying One,' if I remember, was pronounced by the Quarterly Review to be worthy of Lord Byron.



THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Perhaps that is rather exaggerated praise; but a journal so high in character would not have committed itself to anything really absurd; and therefore there must be some truth in the comparison."

"She may be called a cotemporary of us all, for she lived to 1877. Hence, though in the character of her mind she belongs to the earlier years of the century—that is, to the emotional age—yet, in other respects, she may be ranked with our own day. And this brings us to Mrs. Gaskell, who is more of the Present than of the Past, though still, to a very great degree, emotional."

"She looks almost like a nun."

"She was anything but a nun, in some respects; for she was the wife of a Unitarian clergyman. Yet she had quite the chaste, severe character of the typical nun. She was born in 1810, and may be said to stand for a generic class, to which Dinah Mulock, and, to a certain extent, Mrs. Oliphant, belong. I select her, because I think her the best, though not the most voluminous; and because, being dead, one can speak of her impartially. Her 'Cranford' and 'Ruth,' to say nothing of 'Mary Barton,' are very remarkable."

"Ah! here is Charlotte Bronte, the greatest genius of all," I said.

"Yes! No novel, written by a woman, ever produced the immediate and wide-spread sensation that 'Jane Eyre' did. It had a greater popularity than 'Evelina' even. It founded a school, in fact. For nearly a generation, the favorite type of hero, in all novels written by women, was somewhat of the Rochester type. I am not sure but that Charlotte Bronte, in point of real genius, was quite equal to George Eliot, though she had not the same wide culture, and did not live to become so consummate an artist. She was born in 1816, and died in 1853. Mrs. Gaskell's biography has made her life familiar to everyone."

"This, I suppose, is George Eliot. It certainly is ugly enough."

"Yes, that is Marian Evans, otherwise George Eliot. It is a copy of one of the two portraits: the only ones ever taken of her. The artist has softened, somewhat, the exaggerated outlines of her nose—a feature, by the bye, singularly like that of Savanarola's. Her death is so recent, her career so well known, her works still so extensively read, that I need not speak further of her. Only note, before we close the portfolio, the distance we have traversed, not only in years, but in the change in taste, since Anna Maria Porter. A century ago, novels were either dramatic or emotional; and the best of them both. Now, they are analytical and logical. Then we had 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' and the 'Children of the Abbey'; now we have 'Daniel Deronda' and



MRS. GASKELL.

'Vanity Fair.' The earlier ones had not the genius of George Eliot; but neither had they the hopeless views of life we find in 'Middlemarch.' I sometimes wonder if we have, on the whole,



CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

improved. If culture leads only to despair, in what, I pray you, have we gained?"

"I see Miss Edgeworth, Hannah More, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Jewsbury, Lady Morgan, and Miss Mitford here. What of them?"

"Well, they were hardly typical; in the sense, at least, in which I have been discussing this question. Hannah More represents, however, the religious element in fiction; Miss Edgeworth the didactic and matter-of-fact school; the others, other qualities. Then there was a very good writer, partly of the romantic school: Mrs. Marsh, whose 'Admiral's Daughter,' thirty years ago, made quite a sensation, and deservedly, I think. I have tried to take a broad view, you see. I have endeavored to trace the progress of novel-writing, in the hands of women, from the emotional school, through that of fashionable life, down to the severely intellectual one of the present day. The Misses Porter, Mrs. Gore, and George Eliot stand for the three exponents of these several schools."

"It is something of a new idea to me," I said. "But it seems plausible."

"Of course, in this hurried talk, I have not been able to discuss the question so thoroughly as I could have done, if there had been more leisure. But I think you will realize, the longer you reflect about it, that literature, fiction especially, is very greatly affected by the age. Scott's novels could not have been written in the days of Queen Anne, nor could they be written now. A Thackeray would have been quite out of place, would have been impossible, during the era that brought forth a Byron. So Miss Porter, Mrs. Gore, and George Eliot could not have done what they did, except just when they did."



GEORGE ELIOT.

With these words, he closed the portfolio, and we went to the piano, where a great artist was about to perform.

SAVING HANDS.

BY GEORGE WEATHERBY.

When men need help, can we pass coldly by?
When, with despairing hearts, the mourners weep,
Dare we, unmoved, sink tranquilly to sleep?
Have we no ears to hear the widow's sigh—
The wife's lament—the hopeless bitter cry
That reaches us across the troubled deep,
When the fierce waves their awful harvest reap,
And one by one brave hearts sink down and die?
Has Pity lost her old-time loving touch?
Does Charity but seek herself to please?
Nay, God be praised, kind hearts will ever be
To whom Christ's words are spoken: "Inasmuch
As ye have done it unto one of these,
Ye have most truly done it unto Me."

A NOCTURNAL MESSENGER.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

After climbing a flight of carpetless stairs, and surmounting a barricade of dry-goods boxes, it was like stepping over the threshold of Paradise to enter that cozy little sitting-room. A rose-shaded lamp was softly burning on the table, and a fair-faced girl ran her fingers over the piano-keys, evoking a low sweet melody.

The girl at the piano was alone in the house with an invalid aunt and two servants; for they had just moved in a few days before, and the rest of the family had not yet arrived.

"We must make one room habitable," she had said. So the pictures and books were unpacked without delay, and a cozy refuge was contrived in the midst of the general chaos.

Miss La Bree was lying on the lounge, with a hand-screen before her eyes, and the patter of the rain on the windows was the only variation of the music, except an occasional pounding downstairs, and the swish-swish of a scrubbing-brush.

But presently there was a hurried hobbling step, and old Hannah thrust her head in the door without ceremony.

"Oh, lor', Miss Betty!" she cried, in the most abject terror. "Jane's smashed the lookin'-glass, and cut herself awful. She's a-bleedin' to death."

Miss Betty's hands fell on the keys with a crash, and before her aunt had time to utter a little hysterical scream, she had started downstairs to the kitchen, where Jane was walking around like a lunatic, wailing and shaking her arm, from which the blood was flowing rapidly.

"Stand still!" Miss Betty commanded, whipping out her handkerchief, and twisting it lightly about the girl's arm above the wound. "You have cut an artery; but don't be frightened. I'll fix it in a minute."

Miss La Bree came downstairs, wringing her hands, and old Hannah hobbled after her.

"Oh, Betty," she cried, nervously, "what shall we do? How perfectly dreadful. Jane, Jane! How could you do such a thing?"

Jane only bohooed the louder, and Miss Betty gave her aunt a look of deep significance.

"There is no occasion for alarm," she said, severely. "Hold this handkerchief, please, Aunt Adele. The blood won't flow as long as you keep that twisted tightly. I am going for Doctor Ducie."

Miss La Bree uttered another exclamation of dismay.

"You can't go alone," she cried. "Not at this time of night, and in this dreadful weather."

"I must, and I will," Betty answered.

"It's a mile and a half to Doctor Ducie's," her aunt remonstrated. "Can't we manage till morning, Betty? Something awful will happen to you on the way."

"Let it happen, if it will," she said, fearlessly. "But it won't. I'm going, Aunt Adele. Be sure and don't loosen the handkerchief."

With this she started upstairs, and seized her gossamer out of an open box in the hall.

The box was filled with her brother Frank's winter-clothes, and, at the sight of them, a wild idea flashed into her brain. She had spoken resolutely, but she had no more fancy for this nocturnal mission than any other girl of nineteen.

What if she were to put on Frank's clothes? She could then go with impunity. The idea grew upon her, and before many moments passed, the rose-shaded lamp revealed a boyish figure, clad in dark-green pantaloons and an English jacket, and a face smiling at the reflection in the mirror.

Miss Betty laughed softly, for her short curly hair made the illusion so perfect that anyone who didn't know her would have sworn that she was a boy of about fifteen.

Miss La Bree would certainly have swooned away, had she witnessed this transformation; but her niece left the house without showing herself in masculine attire.

Once on the road, Betty started for Dr. Ducie's on a run. She had not taken an umbrella, because she felt it would impede her progress, and she didn't mind a wetting.

The road was a lonely one, with very few houses in sight for a good three-quarters of a mile, and the English jacket had never covered such a fluttering little heart. Still Betty never dreamed of turning back.

She reached Dr. Ducie's house in half an hour; but just as she ran up the steps, she saw the Doctor's buggy drive down the carriage-way to the road.

Like a flash she was after it, and managed to overtake it.

"Dr. Ducie!" she cried, dashing up to him.

The words had hardly left her lips when her foot struck against a curb in the drive, throwing her prostrate, and before the Doctor could rein up his horse, the hind wheel of the buggy passed over Betty's ankle.

A faint cry escaped her lips, for the pain of the thing almost made her sick.

The Doctor was beside her in an instant.

"Are you hurt?" he cried, with deep concern, going down on his knees in the dust. "How? Where?"

"My ankle!" Betty moaned.

The Doctor lifted her into the buggy, and drove rapidly back to the house.

"I ran over this young man, Mrs. Fry," he said, as the housekeeper helped him carry Betty to a lounge. "Get me some arnica and the bandages, please."

Betty was quivering with pain, but her eyes opened in the blankest astonishment as the light of the study lamp revealed to her the physician's face. Although she had never spoken to Dr. Ducie, she had seen him several times, and she knew perfectly well that this was not he.

The gentleman attending her was quite young. He had dark-blue eyes, which were looking at her with kind solicitude, and a fine-looking face, which was partially concealed by a curly golden beard and mustache.

"Where is Dr. Ducie?" she said, faintly.

"Out of town," was his reply. "I am Dr. Gwynn, his assistant. I am very sorry I ran over you. Is your ankle very painful?"

"Oh, never mind it!" Betty said, hastily. "I came for Dr. Ducie, but I suppose you will do just as well. Please go to Valleyview as quickly as possible. One of Mrs. La Bree's servants has cut her arm, and is in danger of bleeding to death."

Dr. Gwynn started to his feet.

"Your ankle has been badly hurt," he said, regretfully; "but I do not think it will be any worse for not receiving immediate attention."

"No, no!" Betty urged. "Go at once! I can wait till you return."

Then as he started toward the door, she cried out:

"Take me with you, please. I want to go home at once!"

"You are Mr. La Bree's son, I suppose?"

The warm color surged into Betty's face.

"Yes," she answered, looking away.

"You had better stay here," said Dr. Gywnn. "You are wet through, and the road is so rough that the ride will be very painful to you."

"I'd rather go, if you please," she replied; and he had her again conveyed into the buggy.

When they reached Valleyview, Betty said:

"Go in and tell Miss La Bree that I would like to see her: then attend to the servant."

Betty's aunt came out on the piazza, and at the sight of her niece in boy's clothes, she uttered a little shriek of astonishment.

"Hush!" cried Betty. "Not a word, Aunt Adele. I would not for worlds have Doctor Gwynn know. I put on this suit because I thought it would be a protection. Can't you manage to tell Hannah not to betray me?"

Doctor Gwynn came out again, and helped "Master La Bree" to the lounge in the sitting-room; and, after bandaging Jane's arm, he proceeded to examine Betty's ankle.

With trembling hands, poor Miss La Bree drew off her niece's low-cut shoe, which was soaking wet, and removed her stocking, exposing a foot so small and white and delicately veined, that Doctor Gwynn looked at it in astonishment.

There was an ugly red ridge across the ankle, which was beginning to swell.

"There are no bones broken," said the Doctor, thankfully; "but this abrasion must be very painful."

He bathed it gently with arnica, and bound it up with ointment.

"It has made you feverish already," he said, glancing at her scarlet cheeks, as he wrote out a prescription. "I will have this sent to you right away. What is your name, Master La Bree?"

"Tom—Dick—Harry!" stammered Betty, in an agony of confusion.

Doctor Gwynn elevated his eyebrows. He thought his patient was growing delirious.

"Harry?" he queried, turning to poor Miss La Bree. "Is that the name?"

"Ye-es," she said, starting as though he had struck her. "Harry La Bree."

"I hope you forgive me, Harry," he said, holding out his hand to Betty, with a winning smile. "I didn't mean to run over you; but the best thing I can do for you now is to help you recover; and you may be sure I will do what I can with all my heart."

When he had left them, Betty turned to Miss La Bree, and said, savagely:

"Aunt Adele, promise me you will not say a word about this. Oh, I should die of mortification, if he were to find me out."

"What on earth made you do such a thing, Betty?" wailed Miss La Bree. "I don't see how on earth we can keep it secret."

"Sit right down," said Betty, quickly, "and write to mamma. Tell her that Jane has hurt her arm, and that I have a sore foot, and that we

won't be able to get the house ready for them next week."

"She'll come anyhow."

"No, she won't," answered Betty. "She promised me to let me have the moving all in my own hands, and she won't come till I send for her. Aunt Adele, you must never breathe a word of this to a living soul."

Some weeks later, on the lawn at Valleyview, Betty might have been seen in a garden-chair. She wore Frank's velvet smoking-jacket; but over her knees she had thrown a linen afghan. Doctor Gwynn was there, and though he had told her she might walk a little, nothing in the world could have induced her to try it, since she would have been obliged to put on pantaloons. No, indeed. She would not stir a step till Doctor Gwynn ceased attending her. But somehow Betty was in no hurry for that time to come.

Yes, it was four weeks since the night when she had gone on the mission which had involved her in such embarrassments. She had written again and again to her father and mother, telling them of unforeseen delays, etc., etc., till Mr. and Mrs. La Bree were quite out of patience. It was only what Betty had feared, when she saw her brother Frank coming up the walk that afternoon.

If only he would go into the house at once. But no. He saw her, and came towards her with a rollicking salute.

"Hello, Betty, my dear," he cried, giving her a good hug. "How d'ye do? What are you dressed in my jacket for?"

"Frank," she said, struggling in his arms with desperation, "there is a stranger here."

"Oh, excuse me," he said, apologetically, as poor Betty stammered out the name of Doctor Gwynn.

Fortunately, Miss La Bree caught sight of him from the library-window.

"Frank, Frank!" she cried, gesticulating wildly. "Come here this instant."

"It seems I'm wanted," he said, smiling, as he started toward the house. But the next moment he turned, and called out:

"How's your foot, Betty? You're the worst girl I ever saw. You're always hurting yourself in some way or other."

Betty did not reply; for she had buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears of mortification.

"You must know it all now," she said, chokingly. "I'm not a—boy at all—Doctor Gwynn. I—I dressed up in Frank's clothes, that night. I never did it before, and—and I didn't think anyone would know. I thought it would be safer to go in that way. Pl–please don't think I'm a dreadful girl, for I'm not."

Here Betty broke down completely, and Doctor Gwynn was obliged to draw her head down on his shoulder.

"You foolish little thing," he cried, his eyes shining with fun, but more with tenderness. "You thought I did not suspect. Do you suppose I did not know, the moment I saw them, that these pretty hands and feet belonged to a woman? And do you suppose my heart did not tell me in its own peculiar language? Betty, I have known it all along. Perhaps it would have been better for me, if I hadn't, for I have learned to love you, my darling, and I cannot be happy without you. Tell me—will you marry me, sweetheart?"

Betty looked at him in the most abject astonishment, which, for the moment, stifled all other emotions. But gradually, as the significance of his words dawned on her, a soft flush stole into her cheeks, and her eyes reflected the tender light which shone in his own.

"Will you marry me, Betty?" he asked again, and she did not say him nay.

GIVE ME A ROSEBUD.

BY AURORA VANE.

Ere summer, on unsandaled feet,
Goes, with her wealth of roses sweet,
Oh, darling one, please give to me
A rosebud, sweet and fair to see.
A lovely rose of creamy-white,
Oft kissed by shining rays of light,
And oft refreshed by gentle dew
And summer rain. Oh, dear one true,
Please let this lovely rosebud be
A token of thy love to me.

Oh, give me, dear, a rosebud fair,
That thou hast watched with tender care.
Perfect its beauty; for I know
Its loveliness would rarer grow
Beneath the gleamings of thine eyes,
Bright as the blue of sapphire skies.
A sacred treasure it shall be,
A token of thy love to me,
For evermore. When life departs,
Oh place it o'er my pulseless heart.

THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE days passed after Jack Erlescourt's departure, and on the third morning, the guests at Bolton Towers, and the world at large, knew that the old Earl was dead.

On the previous evening, Constance Denby received a letter, addressed in a handwriting which she recognized. She only gave one glance, put the missive in another envelope, and directed it to the care of Mr. Erlescourt's London solicitors.

No prouder woman ever lived than this large-brained, noble-souled American girl, and the humiliation she endured from feeling that her heart had gone out towards a man so unworthy, only the most sensitively organized of her sex could understand.

She thought she could more easily have pardoned herself and him had he been wilfully bad; but to be deceived by a contemptible trifler, a male coquette, so eager to gratify his vanity that he could not resist essaying the power of his fascinations upon two women under the same roof, forgetting that they might at any moment exchange confidences, was a proof of her own lack of perception terribly galling.

Very probably, too, a desire to avenge himself on Mrs. Treherne for her treachery in former years had something to do with his conduct. Doubtless the pair might be well matched in emptiness and frivolity; still, this idea rendered Constance more lenient towards Mrs. Treherne than she might otherwise have been, for she indulged a theory that such heart as the professional beauty ever owned had been given to the admirer of her girlish days, though the desire for adulation and the craving for wealth had proved so strong that her love could not for an instant weigh in the balance against them.

Constance was eager to get away from the house; but unless she could offer some cogent reason for departure, Lady Bolton would not abate one day of the promised fortnight, and she had none such to offer. Of course she and Mrs. Treherne were thrown constantly together, but the party was so large that they could easily, without its being noticeable, avoid personal communication, a penance the beauty shrank from, with a dread compared to which Miss Denby's repugnance was slight indeed.

Try as she might, Florence Treherne could not sufficiently warp and harden her nature to permit her to do evil without suffering keen remorse; and already she regretted more bitterly than any other act of her life the revolting meanness into which she had rushed through the instigations of temper, wounded vanity, and Colonel Stretton's crafty temptations.

And she had worse to bear. Her fear of this important ally increased daily, though among her train of courtiers none were so humble and obsequious as he. But Florence seemed always to hear the voice of a relentless Fate under his smooth tones; and his softest smile looked a menace to her frightened eyes. Yet she hid her trouble with feminine skill; never had she been gayer, her bon-mots more frequent, her repartees readier; even her beauty appeared absolutely to increase in brilliancy.

She snatched at any excitement; and enough offered, for the whole county was in a state of fever over her presence. The journals teemed with paragraphs concerning the entertainments of which she was the queen; and so the days sped on.

A popular regiment had its quarters for the time at the shire town, some twenty miles distant, and the crowning festivity previous to the beauty's departure was to be a ball given by the officers in her honor.

Two days before the evening appointed, Mrs. Treherne received a letter from her husband; he wrote frankly that the long-deferred crash in his business was imminent, and spoke of his illness—the first time he had ever mentioned to her any matter regarding his health. She was both disquieted and angered by his epistle; but her daily growing selfishness enabled her speedily to render her anger sufficiently strong to silence her fears and her conscience.

She kept her own counsel, and did not even confide in the Colonel, though sorely tempted to do so in spite of her dread—her almost downright dislike of the man.

The day of the ball came; the house was full of guests, and besides those whom she expected,

Lady Bolton was warned at breakfast, by a dispatch, that a family of Scotch cousins proposed to descend upon her, and remain for a couple of nights.

She was quite at her wits' end. But the Scotch cousins were people who for the last decade had yearly, during six weeks, turned their castle into a hotel for the benefit of her friends, so refusal of their request was out of the question.

It chanced that Mrs. Treherne and Constance Denby were the only persons in the room when she opened the message; and having read it, she sat staring at them with such dismay painted on her countenance, that at first they were frightened.

When she detailed her dilemma, both began to laugh, and, unknown to each other, from the same reason—the nervous state in which a sleepless night had left them.

"I see a way out," Constance said. "Mrs. Treherne has a boudoir and bed-room—"

"And you shall have either with pleasure," interrupted Florence.

"Bravo!" cried her ladyship. "By good luck, there's a sofa-bed in Florence's boudoir."

"Then I'll sleep on that," said Mrs. Treherne. "You see, dear Lady Bolton, the matter is settled."

"You are a pair of angels," pronounced her ladyship.

"But the Scotch cousins number four," suggested Miss Denby. "So you want two more angels."

"No; I'll put Lady Mary and her sister in my dressing-room. It's all right!" exclaimed the relieved hostess, and other guests entering at the moment, the conversation dropped.

The children at her ladyship's model school had a show examination that day, and she insisted on her visitors being present for awhile. When the party was ready to start, Constance Denby found the headache with which she had risen so much worse, that she begged their hostess to leave her at home to rest, preparatory to the fatigues of the evening.

She went to her chamber, and found that her things had already been removed to Mrs. Treherne's apartment. Her own maid had gone with some of the other servants to the school exhibition; so without informing the housekeeper, she entered Mrs. Treherne's rooms, obliged to pass through the boudoir, in order to reach the sleeping-chamber. She lay down on the bed, and soon fell into the deep slumber which follows excessive mental weariness and severe bodily pain.

A couple of hours afterward the party returned, and as Colonel Stretton was still lingering on the colonnade to finish his cigarette, a boy came up the steps with a telegram for Mrs. Treherne. Stretton kept himself too well-informed in everything concerning the lady and her husband, not to be certain that the dispatch was from Mr. Treherne, having already that morning received news of the double calamity which had befallen the man.

Florence had just escaped from the greetings of the newly-arrived Scotch cousins, gone to her boudoir, and flung herself into an easy-chair, a prey anew to her dismal forebodings, when she heard a knock at the door, and for the second time Colonel Stretton ventured to present himself in her private apartment.

Her first thought was of the temptation he had brought her on his previous visit. The remembrance of the meanness to which she had yielded kept even anger against him in abeyance, nay, left her speechless with shame.

"I bring my excuse in my hand," he said, gayly, holding up the telegram. "I hope I am the bearer of some wonderful news; but very probably it is only a warning that a score of your admirers propose to appear at the ball to-night."

Florence began to laugh; but a shiver of dread chilled her, as she took the dispatch. She opened the envelope, read the lines, and cried out:

"I must start for London. I know there is a train at five o'clock. Mr. Treherne is very ill."

For a few instants, thanks to that troublesome conscience of hers, she was in a state of such agitation that, though aware the Colonel was talking earnestly, she did not comprehend a word he uttered. When she could listen and understand, she discovered that he was essaying to calm her fears. But she only repeated:

"I must go to town at once. Mr. Treherne must be very, very ill, indeed, to send me such a message as that."

The Colonel smiled, drew a newspaper from his pocket, and held it towards her, pointing to one of the paragraphs.

"There really is no necessity, you perceive, for distressing yourself," he said, coldly. "Your husband was well enough last night to preside at the meeting of the stockholders in that new company."

Florence glanced down the column, and rushed from alarm into anger.

"He wrote me yesterday that he was ill," she said. "It is odious to frighten me in this manner."

"Just the stale old dodge of a husband who chooses that his wife should give up any little

enjoyment which may fall in her way," responded the Colonel, speaking as if the lady whom he addressed led, as a rule, the most wearisome and monotonous of lives.

As he spoke, Florence's eyes chanced to fall upon the telegram which lay on the table between them. Against her will, she read the brief, half imperative, half appealing sentences. Her anger vanished, though she tried hard to retain it, and she exclaimed:

"I must go—I must. I know Mr. Treherne too well; he would never have sent that dispatch, except at the last extremity."

The Colonel said, quietly, without even a sneer in his voice:

"Yes; the last extremity. He had tried every other method for forcing you to submit to his tyranny; now he appeals to your feminine generosity—which means weakness."

"I think," she said, slowly—speaking, too, in spite of herself—"that I am as ungenerous as you are unjust." She saw a certain expression cross his face which she had learned to fear, and added, in a sort of desperation: "I wish, Colonel, that you would never mention my husband's name."

"I wish I never need. God knows the sound of it is not pleasant in my ears," he cried, rushing suddenly from his customary composure into an apparent excitement, which would have done credit to a professional actor.

Florence half started from her seat. He put out his hand, rose, walked several times up and down the room, then paused before her, and said, in a choked voice:

"Don't be troubled, Mrs. Treherne. I shall not forget. I am not likely ever to offend again, as I did the other day. See—there is only your old faithful friend here. Let us talk quietly. You used to think my advice of value. I doubt if you have ever been sorry for following it—"

"You have been my one real friend," she interrupted, softened by the artful appeal.

He only bowed his head, in sign of thanks for this recognition of his services, and continued:

"Then let me urge you to follow it on this occasion. I think—I know—that I speak as dispassionately as a third person could, when I say that I am sure you will be glad later for having done so."

"Well, let me hear your advice," she said, trying with all her might to subdue the warnings which shook her very soul, and to cleave fast to her old faith in the man to whom she owed her success—and her troubles. "Why don't you speak? What do you think I ought to do?"

"Remain for the ball—in fact you must. If you go to-day, you will give rise to all manner of gossip. Everybody will have seen this paragraph, so to say that your husband is dangerously ill will be worse than useless. Rumors of his business difficulties are already widely circulated. Why, this action on your part might be the crowning stroke. Really—forgive me—but your fears make you as short-sighted as his tyrannical disposition and jealousy do him."

"He is not jealous—he knows—"

"Not jealous, in the ordinary acceptation of the word," Stretton broke in; "but jealous of your success, because it has been achieved entirely independent of him."

He had touched the chord to which every vain unworthy impulse of her nature vibrated responsively.

"Ah," she murmured, with a sigh, which was complacent rather than a sign of pain: "I fear that you are right there—yes, you are right."

"Then, dear friend," he said, earnestly, "listen to me—be certain that my advice is of vital importance here. Don't rush off in this insane fashion—wait at least till to-morrow. Nobody but ourselves knows that you have received this dispatch. If you insist on going in the morning, you can be supposed to receive it then."

She listened eagerly; she longed to follow his counsel; she fought hard to subdue the premonition which tore at her heart like some absolute physical force; but all in vain.

"I can't stay," she cried, despairingly. "Go away, Colonel Stretton; let me alone. I don't want to go, but I must—I must. I won't hear another word—not a word. Oh, I feel as if my evil genius were tempting me—stop, I say, stop."

Constance Denby awoke suddenly to the consciousness of voices in the adjoining room; so suddenly, that for an instant Mrs. Treherne's passionate speech seemed a part of the unquiet dream from which she had been aroused. Before she could stir, Florence hurried on, in a voice sharp with suffering:

"I must go—I will. My evil genius—yes, you are."

Constance's first impulse, when fully awakened, was to start up and open the doors; but a brief reflection showed her that for Mrs. Treherne's own sake this must not be done. She had heard too much. She buried her head in the pillows to deaden all sound; but in vain. The Colonel's answer was distinctly audible.

"You mistake nervous weakness for an omen," he said. "You must indeed be far past the power of using your reason and judgment, when you

can apply such language to me. Mrs. Treherne, you are in no state to act for yourself. You must consent to be guided by your one earnest well-wisher."

"I want no further guidance," she cried. "I will not listen. No arguments, no persuasions shall induce me to remain."

"Then I must use moral force," he said, in a slow pained tone. "I must employ any and every means to prevent your vitally injuring yourself and your husband. Mrs. Treherne, you cannot go to London to-day."

"Who shall stop me, sir?"

"I must."

"I wonder by what means—"

"Do you forget your letters to me? Have you never realized the power they have placed in my hands?" he asked.

"My God!" she groaned. "You dare to threaten me?"

"Even that I dare, base as it is, since it is only by such means I can save you from social ruin," he answered.

Constance sprang up, searched wildly about for some means of egress, tried two doors, but they only led into closets. Then she noticed a third door, half hidden in the wainscoting. She opened it with some difficulty; it gave upon a narrow dark staircase, down which she fled, half frantic from a sensation of guilt, as if the knowledge she had had thrust upon her had been gained by her own consent.

As Colonel Stretton uttered those last words, Mrs. Treherne sank helplessly back in her chair, and hid her face in her hands.

"Forgive my cruelty," he cried. "Dear, dear friend, believe that I am only acting in your interest. If you were to go, I tell you that you would bring on the very crisis with which that man menaces you. Another woman might yield to her nerves, or her master's caprice. In your position you cannot; you must pay the penalties that always fall upon royalty."

There was no undertone of mockery in his voice now. The eyes which regarded her so fixedly were kind and sympathizing, and the appeal to her mad vanity, which he so artfully employed, had its effect even in that crisis, in spite of her anger and terror at his recent threat. She began to speak, meaning still to urge some feeble expostulation; but he interrupted her:

"Please let me finish. What I want to add is this: I have had quite a sum of money left me unexpectedly; it shall be placed at Mr. Treherne's disposition."

"He would not accept it. You know he would not," she said.

"He need not know its source; and you, you, by refusing, will prove that you cannot forgive the momentary insanity which took possession of your old friend the other day. Oh, Mrs. Treherne, you are a less generous woman than I thought you," he cried, his voice breaking with passionate emotion. "Don't disappoint me—don't destroy the last illusion of my life. What I said a few moments since sounded fairly base; but it had to be said. Stay, and to-night I will place it beyond my power ever to threaten you again. Those letters shall be given back."

He saw an expression of relief cross the agitated pallor of her face, and added, in a persuasive tone:

"Dear Florence, do what your grand soul prompts you to. Put out your hand frankly. Say: 'Friend, I can trust you; I accept this proof of your esteem and repentance.' Only do that, Mrs. Treherne—oh, you will be glad all your life long."

His promise to restore her letters brought a hope which, combined with his appeal to her arch-passion of vanity, helped him on to victory.

"I do trust you," she said, with a quick gush of tears. "Colonel Stretton, I will obey you, on one condition—"

"Don't use that word," returned he, bowing over her extended hand; "and—no conditions, please."

"Yes, one—that you forgive my harsh thoughts and my unkind behavior of these last days."

He bent his head till his lips touched her quivering fingers, and said, with a faint laugh that was like a sob:

"Child, woman, and queen, all in one! I thank you—you have made me think better of myself—it is a good deal to do for a man past forty!"

Before she could speak he left the room. As he closed the door, she saw him brush his hand across his eyes. She called his name—he glanced back with a pathetic smile—shook his head, and disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Bolton and the owners of the adjacent country-seats had made arrangements to have a special train, starting from the Towers station, to take them and their guests to Wamsley for the ball. Her ladyship, being of an economical turn of mind on occasion, exulted openly that no such expense as to their return would be necessary, because a train from London—a slow one, but that was no matter—would halt at Wamsley a little after four o'clock in the morning, by which they could all be brought home.

Some forty people sat down to dinner that night at Lady Bolton's table, and as the ladies were already arrayed in their evening-dresses, the effect was so pretty that in a former era the scene might have served to inspire Watteau.

Across the blaze of light—the odorous beauty of the flowers—the sensuous glow and brightness—Florence Treherne, in her most brilliant loveliness, looked out and met Constance Denby's eyes fixed full upon her—fixed with an expression which was harder to bear than the sternest condemnation could have been, for there was downright pity in the gaze. It agonized the wretched woman; maddened her, by rousing remorse to a flood-tide which fairly made her tremble for her reason.

And always, though she did not glance towards him, she felt the influence of Colonel Stretton's regard; and some prophetic intuition in her soul warned her that by the compromise of the morning she had only laid herself open to unknown dangers, in the future, worse than the perils by which she was already surrounded.

Every line and word in her husband's letter came up, and printed themselves in characters of fire upon each object at which she looked. She knew that she had wearied destiny at last; she was hastening to her doom. This ball was to see the culmination and the darkening of her meteor-like splendor; but it was too late to retreat, she said to herself, she must go on.

She did not recollect seeing Constance Denby again until they were in the ball-room, where her arrival had been the signal for an ovation which surpassed anything that even she had ever received. A double line of gentlemen—officers in their brilliant uniforms—the first men of the country—were waiting in the entrance-hall. Colonel Stretton, upon whose arm she leaned, was forced to yield her to the Lord-Lieutenant, who conducted her to the ball-room. The dancers paused as she appeared. The throng pushed forward, while the band struck up a march of welcome, composed in her honor by one of the most famous musicians of the day.

Whether she had been there moments or hours, Florence could not have told; she had danced, and talked, and moved about, followed by an admiring crowd; she was conscious that she was conversing with the leading statesman of England; knew that he was telling her he had made the journey from Yorkshire on purpose to meet her; knew, too, that Colonel Stretton stood close at hand, never for an instant releasing her from the tyranny of his scrutiny; then suddenly a parting in the assembly showed her Constance Denby again.

What she said to her companion she did not know; what she meant to do or say she had no idea; but she walked straight towards the American, and whispered:

"I have something to tell you. I don't want to; but I shall go mad if I don't."

Miss Denby lifted her hand, arranged the lace on Florence's corsage, and whispered back:

"Not now—remember where we are—to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed Florence. "Will there be any to-morrow?"

She heard herself laugh; she felt Constance Denby's hand press her arm heavily in warning; caught anew that glance of pity from the honest eyes, and realized that she had been on the verge of telling her dismal secret out—of acknowledging her deceit and meanness. In another instant, the music struck up afresh; she was whirling through the mazes of a waltz, in the embrace of some scarlet-uniformed gallant; then the next thing she realized distinctly was seeing Colonel Stretton beside her, and hearing him say:

"You are tired. Come into one of the ante-rooms, and get a breath of air. I never saw you in such brilliant beauty; but I'm afraid you are not well."

She half snatched her hand from his arm; a mad longing to upbraid him then and there seized her; but again she heard his low repressed voice. It only said: "Come." But it was irresistible to her ears as the voice of Fate. She allowed him to lead her on.

They were stopped by the summons to supper. She thought she had been in the room a hundred years at least, when once more she saw the Colonel beside her.

Two German stock-brokers was standing near, conversing in a low tone in German.

"She can't know," one of them said.

"Well, she will, soon enough," the other replied. "Her husband's name will be in the Gazette to-morrow."

"No doubt of that; he is gone up completely; she may thank herself, too; she has ruined him; it is incredible that husbands can be such fools."

Then Florence perceived that she and the Colonel were alone in one of the ante-chambers; whether he had led her there, or she, in her mad haste to escape beyond the reach of those torturing voices, had impelled him on, she could not tell; but there they were.

"It is not true—it is not true," she cried. "Tell me the truth. Are you dumb?"

"I can't bear to speak; it is worse than death; but I must," he groaned. "Yes—it is all true."

"And you knew it—and forced me to stay?"

"It was the one kindness I could show. Indeed, I only learned the whole facts at dinner-time. I had sent up to London as soon as I left you this morning."

He had, indeed: and he believed that the moment of his triumph had come. He had entered the ball-room with his whole plan fully matured, down to its slightest detail, and her next words only anticipated the proposal which had been upon his lips.

"I can't go back among those people," she moaned. "If you have any pity, get me away."

"We will go to the station. I will account for your departure," he said. "It is better you should meet no one. Courage, courage! I see a way out yet, if you will only be brave. I have the checks for your wraps in my pocket. Wait quietly here, while I go for them."

He had placed her in a chair behind a screen near the doorway, and she waited there, with a strange nightmare sensation, growing stronger and stronger, till it seemed fairly to paralyze body and mind. She heard voices—heard steps cross the chamber. She shrank further back in her seat, dreading lest she might be seen, and she thought that to be noticed or addressed would give the finishing stroke to her reason.

The Colonel returned, drew her cloak and furs about her with kindly solicitude; but he did it all in silence. He led her quickly down the stairs; a carriage was waiting; he helped her in, and they drove off to the station.

Again he left her, while he went to procure tickets. Before he came back, she heard the engine whistle; heard the train halt. The Colonel rushed up in great haste, saying:

"The other carriages are coming. We shall just have time to secure a compartment to ourselves. You don't want any of those chattering idiots to torment you."

She was trembling so violently that she could hardly stand. He half carried her through the waiting-room out upon the platform. She was in the railway-carriage; the door closed; he was persuading her to lie down; arranging her furs; talking very rapidly; and she so cold and faint, that she was only capable of thought enough to be thankful to him for this respite, before meeting any eyes save his; his that knew the secret; the secret which all the world must know so soon.

The warning bell rang; the wheels began to move. Just then a voice shouted:

"No stop till Sandgate. Passengers for Dover change at Sandgate."

Florence sprang up, crying:

"What did he say? We have taken the wrong train. Open the door—quick—quick."

But they were already steaming out of the station. She fell back in her seat, moaning:

"Too late. Oh, my God, where are we going—what shall I do?"

"The only thing that can be done," he answered. "Listen to me, Florence. I have saved you. Your husband is mad. Not only pecuniary ruin has come, but in his desperation he has hypothecated stocks belonging to a client. He risks a criminal process; you would be dragged into court as a witness; you must get away for a time. I have settled everything; you must cross to France. I have friends with whom you can wait quietly, until the worst is tided over."

She was quite mad now; struggling to open the window; trying to call out; but her voice was gone; her senses reeling; she could only sink helplessly down again, and wait for the deathly faintness which had seized her to pass. He was speaking still; she put her hands to her ears to shut out the sound of his voice; closed her eyes to escape the sight of his white agitated face: and through the whirl in her brain she seemed to hear phantom tones echo her husband's disregarded warning:

"Take heed, lest he prove your evil genius—your evil genius."

She knew that she was repeating the words; she could hear him pleading, expostulating; she burst suddenly into a paroxysm of frightful hysterical laughter.

"Be still," the colonel exclaimed, in a tone of authority. "You are out of your senses; you will go completely mad, if you do not make an effort to control yourself."

He took hold of her hands as he spoke. The unutterable loathing which his touch roused in her soul brought reason back, dispelled even the death-like chill which had frozen her physical powers. She wrenched her fingers from his grasp, saying:

"I have been mad for months, I think; but spare yourself any further solicitude, Colonel Stretton. I am in full possession of my senses at last."

"Then listen," he cried, quickly, "and let me tell you—"

"There is no need of further words on your part," she broke in. "I understand you perfectly. In what you have said concerning my husband, there is not one word of truth. Ruined he is, no doubt; but he has done nothing dishonorable. He is, what you have at length proved to me you are not, an honest man."

Even at this crisis, he fell back on his stale old trick of appealing to her gratitude, reminding her of his past services; but her despairing rage

had reached a height where this appeal only added to its might. She poured the full torrent of her wrath upon his head; roused him finally to a fury which equaled her own: and he threatened her with the exposure of their money transactions, repeating passages from the letters she had written him. When he saw that this thrust had struck home, he dropped on his knees; poured out a wild rhodomontade of repentance; urging her to trust in his devotion; to comprehend that his plan was the only way out of her present strait; for before noon of the coming day, she would not have a friend left out of the whole world that had been at her feet.

She realized the truth of what he said; felt it in the fullness of its awful significance; knew that, putting everything else aside, this railway journey was enough to ruin her utterly.

She started up again with some mad idea of escape. Suddenly the train slackened its speed; came to a halt. The carriage-door opened, and she heard Constance Denby's voice calling:

"We have taken the wrong train, Mrs. Treherne. Get out—get out."

CHAPTER IX.

Rooted in her simple religious credence, which, puerile as it might appear to modern philosophers, brought her peace and rest, even in seasons of great trouble, Constance Denby always believed that her actions on this night had been directed by a merciful Providence, "for the saving of a human soul alive."

It had occurred to Lady Bolton that it would be a good idea to take several maids to assist in the dressing-room, and among those selected was Miss Denby's—an elderly quadroon, whose devotion to her young mistress knew no bounds, and whose discretion and practical sense were always to be depended upon.

The ball proved to Constance the saddest evening festivity in which she had ever shared, though she received attention enough to have satisfied any lady, short of a professional beauty. Nor was her depression owing to personal causes; it centred on the woman whom of all others she had most reason to dislike. She could not put out of her mind the fragments of conversation which she had so unwillingly overheard between Mrs. Treherne and Colonel Stretton, and however sorely she might blame Florence for remaining until after the ball, her pity went far beyond her condemnation. Whether dancing or talking, she could not keep from watching the beautiful creature. She noticed, what Florence in her excitement gave no heed to, that Colonel Stretton's manner was very different from his ordinary obsequious devotion. He hovered near her constantly; his every word and look conveyed the impression of familiarity, which would have been permissible only in a brother or husband; and at length Constance learned that at least one other person had observed this change. Lady Bolton whispered to her certain animadversions, and finally worked herself up to such a pitch of irritation, that she vowed she would tell Florence what she thought.

"The man may be a useful friend and ally—indeed, she owes her success to him—but if this sort of thing goes on, there will be gossip, and that, at all events, she has always avoided."

But Constance soothed her into temporary patience. She knew, what she could not reveal to her impulsive hostess, that however much Stretton's conduct might anger or wound Mrs. Treherne, the unfortunate woman dared not resent it; and to have Lady Bolton choose this special occasion for uttering even the mildest reproof, would be enough to drive her desperate.

The hours appeared as interminable to Constance as they could have done to Florence herself, and the wild words which she checked on the beauty's lips aroused her to a strong dread that some awful crisis was near.

She had left the supper-hall before Mrs. Treherne and the Colonel; gone into the dressing-room in which her maid was stationed; and through the open doors of the other, saw Colonel Stretton enter, and claim Florence's wraps.

"Get my cloak," she said to her woman. "Get yours, too—I must go—I am ill. We can take any carriage—I'd rather wait at the station than here."

There was no pause for question on the quadroon's part. The pair followed the Colonel and his charge downstairs, and drove close behind them to the railway. There was time for Constance to make such slight explanation as was necessary, and when they alighted, they caught sight of Florence huddled in a corner of the carriage.

"I will go into the waiting-room," Constance said. "Go see what that man is doing; he will not recognize you."

It was not long before the maid returned, and the information she brought was enough to prove to the agitated girl that her premonition had been no folly of disordered nerves.

"He took two tickets for Dover; the train is coming," said the quadroon.

"Then we must go by it," Miss Denby said. "I have no money—use Lady Bolton's name—"

"I have your pocket-book," interrupted the quadroon, as calmly as her mistress had spoken, though each could see the unutterable horror and fright she felt reflected in the other's eyes.

They were in season to enter the compartment next that in which Stretton had placed Mrs. Treherne, and during the quarter of an hour which followed, Constance Denby had leisure to arrange her plans; for in spite of her agonizing terror, never had her brain acted more quickly.

"He is carrying her off without her knowing that it is not the right train," she said. "We must go on to Sandgate—oh, if only we had money, I would hire the guard to stop."

"I have fifty pounds," the quadroon answered. "You gave me the pocket-book this morning to put away, and I was so hurried, I slipped it into my bosom, and never remembered it till I was getting ready to come to-night."

"Thank God!" cried Constance.

Directly the guard had come to look at their tickets.

"We are foreigners. My maid thought this was the up-train," Constance said. "We were at the Wamsley ball. If you will stop at the first station, you shall have fifty pounds."

She held out the bank-notes as she spoke, and with a little hesitation the guard rejoined:

"I will ask if it can be done. I think it'll be all right."

He disappeared, and after another dreary wait, came back, and said:

"I have managed it. In ten minutes we shall reach Manning. You'll just catch the Wamsley train there."

Ten minutes passed, that seemed scarcely as many seconds to Constance Denby, so absorbed was her whole being in thankfulness.

"Open the door of the carriage in front; a lady wants to get out."

In another instant she was on the platform, and Florence heard her warning cry:

"We have taken the wrong train, Mrs. Treherne. Get out—get out."

As Florence started forward, the Colonel attempted to stop her; but she darted past him, and sprang down into Constance's arms.

"Do you go on?" the guard asked of Stretton.

The Colonel descended; the train whirled by. When Constance could free herself sufficiently from Mrs. Treherne's embrace to listen to her maid, who was pulling at her cloak, she heard the woman whisper:

"He got out, too—here he is."

While the quadroon assisted her to support Florence, Miss Denby turned and faced the miserable wretch, who, in spite of his insane fury, shrank under the fire of her eyes.

"How unfortunate we four were, Colonel Stretton, to make such a blunder," she said, with icy quiet. "But Mrs. Treherne's sudden illness frightened us all so much, that we thought of nothing but to get her away from the ball before there could be any commotion. It was a pity that you, generally so composed, should have mistaken the train; but luckily it is of slight consequence. Ah, there comes the Wamsley train now. We don't require further assistance, Colonel—good-night."

Between them, she and the quadroon led Mrs. Treherne across the platform. The train came up and halted. Colonel Stretton saw the three enter a carriage. Then he slunk into another, with only one consolation to offer himself, and that a very poor one: at least, he could have his revenge.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE POOR MAN'S SHEAF.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

He saw the wheat-fields waiting,
All golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him, one by one.
"Oh, could I reap in harvest,"
His heart made bitter cry.
"I can do nothing, nothing,
So weak, alas, am I."

At eve, a fainting trav'ler
Sank down beside his door.
A cup of cool sweet water
To quench his thirst he bore.
And when, refreshed and strengthened,
The trav'ler went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden wheat-sheaf lay.

When came the lord of harvest,
He cried: "Oh, Master kind,
One sheaf I have to offer,
But that I did not bind.
I gave a cup of water
To one athirst, and he
Left at my door, in going,
This sheaf I offer thee."

Then said the Master softly:
"Well pleased with this am I.
One of my angels left it
With thee, as he passed by.
Thou may'st not join the reapers
Upon the harvest plain,
But who so helps a brother
Binds sheaves of richest grain."

MY SISTER'S FRIEND.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

FROM the first I did not like her. Perhaps my expectations were too great beforehand; for Ane had led me to believe that Dane Haskell was but little lower than the angels.

Ane was my half-sister, and her name was Margaret. But in her babyhood I had called her "my little angel," and she had given herself the nickname of "Ane," as soon as she could lisp. And it had always clung to her.

She was not of the stately order, this Ane of ours. She was rather petite, yet round and plump, and all color and animation. Not handsome, maybe; and yet not a man or child, for miles about Maple Hall, but would have sworn she was beautiful.

She was even wonderfully well liked by many women. She was so free from little jealousies herself, that she quite shamed some of them into forgetting theirs.

I suppose it was that queer charm, called magnetism, which nobody can explain, that made her so attractive to everybody. That, and her lovely character and sweet ways.

I was eighteen when she was born. My mother had been dead for five years, and my stepmother had been at Maple Hall just a year. Just a year, in which I had grown to love her very dearly; and then Ane came, and she went.

I took the motherless baby to my own twice desolated heart, so soon to be thrice desolated; but it is not my own story I am telling, so never mind about that. I suppose no maiden lady of forty-one lives, who has not her romance locked up and laid away somewhere in her heart.

I tried to be a mother to the baby, and I succeeded very well, I think. I took charge of the house, too, and that was no small matter; for Maple Hall was always full of guests, and my father was of the old school, and wanted his stately dinners and everything in accordance.

At thirteen, Ane was sent away to boarding-school, and remained four years. She came back very much as she left us: a slight unformed girl, quiet and sensitive, only that she was "finished" in accomplishments: could dance, and sing, and draw, and speak French like a native.

But she had not been at home six months before she began to blossom out into the full-blown rose she has been ever since; and everybody raved over her.

From the time she came home, she had a great deal to say about one of her school-mates—Dane Haskell. She lavished all the praises on her that are common in school-girl vocabulary, and I grew to think of this unknown friend of my darling's as a paragon of perfections.

And, after five years of separation, but of constant correspondence, Dane came to make the long-talked-of visit to Maple Hall.

Ane was wild over the thought of it. For weeks before her arrival, I heard nothing but "when Dane comes," "after Dane comes," "so soon as Dane comes."

As Dane came up the steps to the hall, where I stood waiting to greet her, that May night, and held out her hand to me, and stooped to kiss me, I felt an unaccountable repugnance to her. I could not have told why. Ane had gone down to the station to meet her, and was all a quiver of delight as she came up the steps arm in arm with her long-expected friend.

Two hours later, when Dane came down, dressed for our five o'clock dinner, I took a survey of her.

She was tall and very slender—so slender she was thin; but she dressed to conceal this. puffed sleeves, and full ruchings of lace about her throat. Her hands were small and shapely, though not models of beauty, like my darling's, and her face was small: a teacup face, I called it, with a little *retroussé* nose, and a pursed-up mouth, and bright brown eyes. Her eyes were thought to be her strong point; but I could not bear their expression. They were too small, and they gleamed, and I hate gleaming eyes.

Her hair was light-golden, and very abundant—very lovely hair, indeed.

"Isn't she beautiful?" whispered Ane to me, the first moment she could find me alone.

"Beautiful hair," I answered, glad I could praise something honestly in her idol.

"Isn't it?" cried Ane. "Just like spun gold; and such eyes!"

After awhile, we repaired to the drawing-room, and ere long some friends dropped in, as they were always doing at Maple Hall. We spent very few evenings alone.

Ane was called upon to sing and play, and consented readily, as was her custom. She possessed a clear alto voice, and sang some old ballads very prettily. I watched Dane while Ane sang. Her

face wore a well-bred but unpleasantly critical expression, at first; then she looked politely bored. Presently, she was asked for some music, and as soon as she touched the instrument, I saw she was a finished artist. Everyone was delighted with her brilliant performance, and no one gave more earnest praise than Ane, who was proud of her friend's accomplishments.

Among our callers that evening was a Colonel Roberts, a man of forty-five or fifty, who was remarkably handsome, and the owner of a fine estate near Maple Hall. A bachelor, and a very attractive man to a casual observer. I had always known him and his history, however, and while he was a welcome guest always at the Farm, my sentiment, as you will ere long understand, was mainly pity.

I saw Dane's eyes fixed upon him several times that evening with a look of interest, and she smiled upon him very sweetly.

The next morning, she came into my room with her crochet-work.

"Will I disturb you?" she began, with a sweet smile. "I want to come in, and get acquainted with you, if you are willing. I want you to like me."

She looked very sweet, and her voice was very coaxing. But it did not affect me at all.

"Come in," I said. "I am very easy to get acquainted with. It is no hard task."

Miss Dane fell to talking very easily of this and that, and finally spoke of Colonel Roberts.

"He seems an elegant man," she said, and her eyes were watching my face, I knew.

"He is," I said. "Handsome, of fine family, well educated, and wealthy."

"It is a wonder he never married," she continued, and again her glance seemed to search my very heart. As I made no reply, she added: "But then he is still young—not over forty-five, I should say, and that is by no means old for a man to fall in love and marry."

In my secret soul, I saw through the girl's scheme at once, and I was just mean enough to help it on.

"No, nor for a woman either," I answered. "You know I am forty-one."

"Impossible," she cried, with well-feigned surprise. "Why, you look full ten years younger than your—your friend, Colonel Roberts."

Two hours later, I heard her singing in the parlor. Ane came to me with a troubled look.

"Colonel Roberts came," she said, "and happening to meet Dane in the hall, and papa being out, he asked her to sing for him. I suppose it is all right to leave them alone, isn't it? And yet I always feel uneasy."

"Oh, it is all right," I said, inwardly consumed with laughter. "And Ane, dear, say nothing to Dane about Colonel Roberts' peculiarities, unless it becomes absolutely necessary. I always dislike to expose people's skeletons, if they can be hidden."

"Very well," answered Ane; "but I shall feel better if you keep somewhere in their locality. I have to do some copying papa asked me to do while he was gone."

I was just across the hall, in the morning-room, when Dane came out, looking up and smiling into Colonel Roberts' face. She accompanied him to the door, and returned, looking radiant.

"When did you come in here?" she asked. "I did not hear you."

"You were singing to the Colonel," I answered, with a tone that might have been called "short," "and you could not hear me."

"He is very delightful, isn't he?" she queried. "And so appreciative of music. He says I am the first real musician he has heard in years; but then he meant to flatter, no doubt. What a striking-looking man he is, with his black hair and eyes, and that strangely pale face."

"Very," I answered. "We all think he has a distinguished air."

A day or two later, I asked Ane to sing for me. She hesitated, and then begged to be excused.

"Why?" I asked. "Are you not well?"

"Yes, but—well, to tell the truth, Janet, I do not feel comfortable to play or sing since Dane came. She has such a finely-educated ear, that my music must jar upon her. Of course, she does not say so; but then I feel it, and I grow to dislike the sound of my own voice. I was a goose to ever suppose I could sing."

I said nothing; but down deep in my heart, I wished Dane in the bottom of the sea.

Among the gentlemen who frequented Maple Hall was Carrol Gray, a young physician. He had been a lover of Ane's three years before; but she declined the offer of his hand, and then, after her fashion, she transformed him into a staunch true friend—a thing so few women can do.

As soon as Dane came, Ane took Carrol aside, and begged him to do all he could to make it pleasant for her friend. So Miss Dane was treated to drives and rides without number, through the lovely May and June days.

One day, two weeks after she came, I heard her telling Ane that "Carrol Gray said he found more pleasure in her society than he had ever found in any other woman's."

"I am glad," said Ane, quietly. "I felt sure you would be congenial friends."

But, all the same, I knew she must feel the hateful sting of Dane's words.

"I will be even with her for that," I said, mentally, and I was ere long. It was almost time to spring my trap.

Every day Colonel Roberts came to the house, and every day Dane "happened" to meet him, and take upon herself the task of entertaining him. Then she came to me so sweetly, so blandly, and confided to me the compliments he paid her, watching me keenly to see the effect of her words. I knew she believed Colonel Roberts to be my lover; and I knew she fancied that she was working upon my jealousies, and winning my lover's affections away at the same time.

She was the sort of girl who could find no pleasure in conquest, unless she was making some other woman uncomfortable. There are plenty of such little souls on earth.

One day the denouement came.

It was at dinner, and I turned to my father, and said:

"Have you seen Colonel Roberts to-day, father? He has not been here."

"No," chimed in Dane, "and he said he should certainly call this forenoon."

"I have not seen him," father replied.

"I hope," I continued, "that he has not gone off in one of his attacks again. He has been well so long now. I suppose he may be taken at any time."

"Why, what do you mean?" queried Dane, blankly.

"Don't you know?" I asked, looking at her with an expression she could readily read, I fancy. "Don't you know that Colonel Roberts is an insane man, poor fellow? Subject to spells of aberration of mind, when he wanders off and is not seen for months? He was in our asylum for two or three years, but was pronounced incurable, and as he does no one any harm, at these times, he is allowed to remain at large."

"But he is so intelligent—so agreeable," began Dane.

"Yes," I added, "quite like a young lady's ideal—so handsome and fascinating. In fact, I thought it best to warn you of his misfortune before you lost your heart."

And I laughed so pleasantly, that everybody at the table thought it was a jest, save Dane. She flashed a look from her deep-set eyes—a gleam that said it was to be war to the knife between us hereafter. She had been defeated at her own game; had made herself ridiculous in my sight, when she fancied she was making me wild with jealousy. And she hated me for it.

I wondered what she would do next, and I did not have to wait long to discover. She began to make love to father. At first, I was only amused. Then I grew secretly alarmed. For, with all due respect to my loved father, I knew, where a woman was concerned, that the old saying was true: "There is no fool like an old fool."

Father was sixty-two years old, but very hale and hearty, and of fine robust form—a stalwart gentleman of the old regime.

Dane sat with him while he smoked, and sorted his papers, and read aloud to him, and brought his hat and cane, and took walks with him about the place; and I came in, once or twice, and found her leaning over the back of his chair, and stroking his head, and cooing to him, and he taking it all very quietly, and acting very much as if he liked it. And oh, how she fawned upon me, and how sweet she was those days. I could have wrung her slim neck with good grace.

With July there came our usual influx of guests to Maple Hall.

Two young lady friends of Ane's from the city, and their lovers, and a young man who was no one's lover—as yet. But he had been at Maple Hall the year before, a few weeks—this Wynne Daley, and I had never seen Ane's face light up so in my life, as it lighted when her friend Carrie Snow wrote that he would be of their party. The gentlemen took rooms at the hotel, a mile distant, and the young ladies were at once domiciled at Maple Hall. Then all sorts of merry-makings began.

There were, with Carrol Gray, just four couples of them, and no reason why they should not have been as happy as meadow-larks all the glad summer. No reason, save that Dane Haskell made one of their number.

Before a week had passed, she had made both the young lady guests feel unwilling to play or sing in her presence, just as she had Ane. And yet she had said nothing; but if you have ever seen a mean, hateful, yet polite woman, you can understand.

Then she had been laying little plans to make both young ladies jealous of her, and succeeded, at once, with one of them, who had a natural leaning in that direction, as so many girls have. Poor Carrie Snow, pretty and bright as she was, seemed utterly wretched if her lover, Howard Sanborn, was ever so little attentive to another.

Dane saw this at once, and acted accordingly. And Howard, himself the soul of honor, and trusting Carrie implicitly, and fond of pleasure and mirth, danced and sang with Dane, all unsuspicious of the misery he was causing.

And Dane was in her element. One night she came in my room, after there had been a lawn-party. Her eyes were gleaming, and she looked radiant.

"I have had a lovely time," she said, throwing herself down by the window.

"I am glad," I said. "I hope all the young people enjoyed themselves equally well."

She laughed.

"I don't think Carrie Snow did," she said. "She looked as if she would like to murder me. Really, I do not see how she and Ane came to be such friends—she is of such a jealous nature."

"I will tell you," I said. "She is a girl of fine traits of character, with the exception of this jealousy; and that Ane has never worked upon, because she has always had so many lovers of her own, she has never found it necessary to try and win any other woman's. I always think a girl has been deprived of her share of attention and love in this world, when she seeks for that which belongs to someone else by right. Ane, as I say, has been so much sought after, that she has never needed to make Carrie jealous, and so they are fast friends."

"That is a queer view to take of it," sneered Dane, nettled to the core, I could see, as she arose to go to her room; "and pray, who have been Ane's admirers?"

"Doctor Gray, for one," I answered. "He sued very hard for her hand three years ago; but quite in vain. He has never seemed quite the same since. Only the other day he was talking with me about her. He said he had enjoyed your society more than anything else for years. 'More than the society of any woman I know,' he said; 'for I never think of Ane as a woman; she seems to me always like an angel; like something divine.' And he added, that he feared, as he had given his first love to one so far above all others, that he could never be content with a lesser love for a less worthy object, and therefore was doomed to a single life."

I saw a look of actual malice flash into Dane's eyes, as she turned away. And that night I dreamed that a large cobra had coiled itself about Ane, and was slowly crushing her life out, and that its eyes were precisely like Dane's.

But the next day Dane was sweeter than ever to both Ane and me, and made no effort to tantalize Carrie Snow. I thought my lesson had not been in vain; but I found she was only planning greater mischief. She redoubled her attentions to father, and every moment I was alone with him I had to listen to her praises, which nearly drove me crazy. But I did not dare say a word, lest he should think me jealous, and, man-like, assert himself and marry her. For I had no doubt she would have taken him and Maple Hall in a moment.

During the next two weeks, the young people were out a good deal: riding, boating, picnicking; and I saw little of them. But I noticed that Ane was very quiet, when she was at home, and that she had grown very pale, too. I wondered if she was worrying over father as I was, and I asked her.

"No," she said. "Why? What is there to worry about?"

"Oh, you know how easily men at his age are influenced by a young woman," I said, "and I have been half afraid he might think of marrying Dane. She hangs about him so much."

Ane's face really brightened.

"Does she?" she queried. "I had not noticed it."

Then her face drooped again, and she sighed.

"But I do not think she has any such thought," she added. "I think she has set her heart on someone else."

"Who?" I asked.

"Mr. Daley," answered An., and she choked a little over the name.

My heart stood still.

"And he?"

"Why, of course, he is interested," Ane replied. "Dane is so pretty, and brilliant, and accomplished. He has had eyes for no one else the last week. He is almost cold to me, even—perhaps he thinks I care for him, and he is taking this way to cure me. But he need not worry."

She spoke with pride, and lifted her head proudly, and her eyes glowed. Yet for all that I knew her heart was breaking. Knew she was bearing a wound in her breast that a lifetime could not heal.

She went away, and left me tenfold sadder than before. I would rather it had been father a thousand times than Wynne Daley—handsome, debonair, brilliant Wynne, the only man Ane had ever cared for in all her life.

After that, I watched matters a little myself, and I saw how things were going.

All the courtier-like devotion, that had for two summers been given to Ane, was now bestowed upon Dane: all the languor of his beautiful eyes, all the delicate attentions that proclaim the lady of a man's choice. Could it be he was that most despicable thing, a male flirt?

It looked very much like it; for certainly he was meeting Dane Haskell more than half way. Ane was bearing it all very bravely, seeming not to care.

There were merry times for the next two weeks, at Maple Hall; for Dane was excellent at planning pleasures, and Ane was too perfect a hostess to do otherwise than lend her willing aid

to all her friend's plans; but I saw it was a fearful effort for her often. It seemed almost these days as if Dane were the hostess, she took the reins so into her own hands; and father seemed to enjoy it all, as well as the young people, and seemed perfectly blind, too, to Ane's changed appearance. For she was changing every day: growing paler, thinner, more spirituelle; and Dane was more demonstrative every day to Ane and me both; and every day my desire to choke her increased.

At length, the crisis arrived. Dane came and put her arms about Ane, and confided to her the fact that she was engaged to Wynne Daley.

"And now, dear," she said, coaxingly, "one last favor before I go; for he urges a speedy marriage, and I must leave you next week. The night before I go, I want you to give a party, in honor of my engagement, dear—will you? The moon will be full and we can dance on the lawn, and have Chinese lanterns in the orchard—oh, please say yes. It will be a fitting close to this perfect summer."

Ane consented, and then Dane came to me, with a caressing smile on her lips, and a malicious gleam in her eyes.

"Dear Miss Janet," she said, "you see I took your kind counsel, and ceased to flirt with other girls' lovers—with engaged men. You made me see that it was very naughty. So I looked about for one who was free, to enjoy myself with; and now you see the result. I am sure you will be glad to congratulate me."

She looked me full in the eyes, and I knew she was exulting in the knowledge that her old debt was settled, and she was even with me on the Colonel Roberts score. She knew she had hurt me; in the cruelest way possible, through my love for Ane. Oh, how I hated her.

We went on with our preparations, and Ane had the look in her eyes that I saw in her young mother's, the day before she died.

Father looked dazed for awhile, as if he realized that he had been made a fool of by a designing girl. And then suddenly he noticed Ane.

"What ails the girl?" he said to me, after we were all dressed for the party that night. "She does not look like herself."

"She hasn't for weeks," I answered. "I shall be glad when we are left alone again and she can rest. It is hard work to entertain guests so long—women guests."

Ane was all in white, and she did look like a wraith that night. Her face was very pale, but her eyes were like great wells of flame. She was very gay, and the life of the evening, which was a grand success. Dane was fairly radiant, and the congratulations were very cordial that were offered the happy couple.

Yet I fancied Wynne looked very pale all the evening, and he certainly was not in his usual spirits. It was quite late—perhaps near midnight—when he came and sat down by me.

I looked up into his pale, weary face, and felt a curious sensation of pity—I knew not why.

"I believe I have not congratulated you," I said. "Allow me to do so now, Mr. Daley. I hope you will be as happy as you deserve. That is fair, is it not?"

"Certainly," he answered, a little *distrait*, and then he turned to me suddenly, and said in a low voice:

"Miss Janet, I know you are too womanly a woman to allow what I say to you to reach ears it is not intended for; but I feel I must say to you, that I think your silence was hardly kind or fair."

I looked at him in amazement.

"I do not understand," I answered. "To what do you refer?"

"You must know what I mean," he responded, almost irritably. "Of course I know the matter is a family secret; but I feel I have the right to speak to you now, in this last hour, at least. It may be good sport for your sister to conceal her engagement, and make a dupe of other men; but I think it hardly fair of you to allow me to become as interested as I was. Of course, it is all over now; once knowing a woman I had worshiped was a wilful flirt would cure me of my love in an hour; but I think you are too noble a woman to be a party to such affairs, and I beg you will not in the future. That is why I spoke to you now, and that I have spoken, of course, must remain between us two alone."

"Mr. Daley," I cried, "what do you mean? My sister is not a flirt. My sister and I have concealed nothing from you. Ane is not, and never was, engaged to any man."

He grew white to the lips.

"Is she not engaged to Doctor Gray?" he asked. "And is not the engagement kept strictly secret at her request?"

"Certainly not. No shadow of a tie exists between the two, save that of friendship."

"Thank you," he said. "I beg your pardon." And he turned away.

The guests had already begun to depart. In an hour they had all gone; all but Wynne Daley.

"I want to speak with you, and Miss Ane, and Miss Haskell," he said, in a low suppressed voice. "And I want no one else present."

The two other guests dropped off to their rooms, and Dane waited for a good-night with

her lover. I called to Ane, who came wondering and weary, and then I closed the door.

Wynne stood with his elbow leaning on the marble mantel, his head supported by one bare hand, his other gloved, and hanging at his side. He was very pale, and his eyes were like fire.

Dane had thrown herself on a divan. She seemed all unconscious of the storm brewing. But her lover's first words aroused her to alarm.

"Miss Haskell and Miss Demoe, I want your attention for a moment."

Both looked up, one in sudden terror, one in wonder, at the tone of his voice.

"Miss Dane Haskell informed me some weeks ago," the voice continued, "in a very accidental and careless manner, that you, Miss Margaret Demoe, were the betrothed wife of Doctor Carrol Gray, and that you wished the engagement kept strictly secret. I have a right and a reason for asking you now if this is true?"

Ane looked him fairly in the eyes, her own face as pale as his own.

"It is not true," she said. "I was never engaged to any man."

Then she turned to Dane, who shrank as before an accusing angel.

"Dane," she said, "why did you tell him that?" And her voice shook as with unshed tears.

For a moment, Dane was silent. Then she looked up. Very pitiful, very dramatic she was, as she threw back her head, and clasped her hands upon her breast.

"Because—because I loved him," she cried, and fell forward apparently in a dead swoon. But I knew it was only a sham, and I had not a particle of pity for her—not an atom.

She only woke from one fit to go into another.

Wynne Daley was almost as devoid of pity as I. He waited patiently till she seemed to have a lucid moment, and then he continued:

"Of course you understand that our engagement is annulled. Of course you must have understood that I loved Ane, or you would have found the lie you told unnecessary. I did, and I do love her now, though, when I believed her a wilful flirt, I did what many a wiser man has done: resolved to marry the first available woman for spite. But that I will not do now, though I may not win the woman I do love. I will go my way silently, and you may explain as best you can the unfulfilled engagement, which has been made so unnecessarily public. These ladies are honorable, and will keep the secret of your disgrace. Good-by."

He left her, and the next day she left us, never to return—the minx.

Of course Ane married Wynne, and of course "people" said she had taken her "friend's" cast-off lover, "who no doubt married her for spite." But Ane smiles at this, and seems wonderfully happy, somehow.

AUTUMN DAYS.

BY MRS. E. W. DEMERITT.

Over the hills hangs a violet haze;
The trees in the forest are all ablaze.
In the open fields the sumacs burn,
And slowly to gold the chestnuts turn.

The ground is strewn with gay painted leaves,
Which the passing wind in a rich carpet weaves.
While deep in the grass, the lowly brier
Glows in the light like a trail of fire.

Along the road, from the wayside sod,
Spring the purple aster and golden-rod.
From dull hue to splendor the woodbine grows,
And o'er the rough wall its red mantle throws.

Oh, warm tender days! Oh, bright laughing sky!
We gaze on you in an ecstasy.
Linger with us awhile you may;
All too short is your brief, brief stay.

A HINDOO LEGEND: THE LOTUS.

Love came to Flora, asking for a flower
That would of flowers be undisputed queen.
The lily and the rose long, long had been
Rivals for that high honor. Bards of power
Had sung their claims. "The rose can never tower
Like the pale lily with her Juno mien."
"But is the lily lovelier?" Thus between
Flower-factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower.
"Give me a flower delicious as the rose
And stately as the lily in her pride."
"But of what color?" "Rose-red," love first chose,
Then prayed, "No, lily-white—or both provide;"
And Flora gave the lotus, "rose-red" dyed,
And "lily-white"—the queenliest flower that blows.

"FORGET-ME-NOT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DERWENT DIAMONDS."

"Don't trifle with me, Lilian—"

"Miss Davenant, please," interrupted the young lady, teasingly.

"Miss Davenant, then," he said, stiffly.

"You forget," she added, with an affectation of demureness, "that this is my twentieth birthday, Mr. Murray. I'm quite a young lady, you see; and I can't have you calling me by my first name, as if I were a school-girl."

The young man bit his lip, and repressing the irritable reply that rose to his tongue, turned to the window, to conceal his anger.

Miss Davenant crossed the room, laughing lightly and coquettishly as she went, and seating herself at the piano, began to run her slim white fingers over the ivory keys. Then, after this prelude, she sang, in a sweet trilling voice:

"I must give thee a gift, darling,
What shall it be?
A necklace of pearls,
From the deeps of the sea?
A cluster of diamonds,
To wear in thy hair?
Or a circlet of gold,
For thy finger so fair?"

Howard Murray watched her while she sang; a smoldering fire in his handsome eyes, and a tumult of passionate pain and rapture stirring his heart; but he said nothing.

For over a year he had been Miss Davenant's devoted admirer. A score of times, at least, he had endeavored to win from her pretty lips some assurance of her favor. But she had baffled him in every instance. No butterfly, amid the May roses, was ever more coy, or difficult to capture, than was Miss Lilian Davenant.

She vexed, and teased, and tormented poor Howard, until his very life was a misery. Yet, while she turned all his tender avowals into ridicule, and laughed at his suspense and impatience, there was always an indescribable something in her air and manner that kept his hopes alive. A careless word, a glance from her beautiful eyes, a smile, or a swift soft touch of her white fingers, would throw the poor fellow into a tumult of rapture, and make him hope even against hope.

He had submitted now for over a year. But this fair spring morning, Miss Davenant's birthday, found him desperate, and sternly determined to put his fate to the test.

"If she is really a coquette—if she cares nothing for me," he thought, watching her while she sang, "it is high time I found it out. If she is as true and tender as she is beautiful—"

At that moment, some subtle inflection in the young lady's voice, something in the turn of her beautiful head, in the very atmosphere that surrounded her, seemed to assure him that she was all he desired her to be; and with a thrill of rapture, disregarding his anger, or rather in spite of it, he hastened to her side.

But she tossed the song aside, and rose from the music-stool, as he approached.

"Pray, finish your song," he entreated. "Let me hear the end."

"Oh, the end is stupid and sentimental," she replied, "and I find I'm not in a singing mood this morning."

"Then listen to me. Just one minute, I beg." He went on, eagerly, as she turned as if to move away. "This is your birthday, Lilian, and I've a gift for you—"

As he spoke he tried to take her hand.

"Didn't I tell you to call me Miss Davenant?" she interrupted, breaking from him; "and please don't speak to me of gifts. I've had scores already, this morning; everything you could mention, from a button-hook up to a set of diamonds; and I care for none of them. I don't want any more."

"What would you care for, Miss Davenant?" asked the young man. "Is there no gift you would like to have?"

"None. Let's see," setting her head on one side, and glancing up at him from under her heavy lashes. "I don't know—I really don't." Then she began, archly, to sing the refrain of her song:

"My gift must be changeless, love,
Give me thy heart."

"You have my heart already, Lilian. You surely know that?" put in poor Howard.

But she was gone, flashing out of the room, like a swallow in flight, while the words were yet on his lips.

"I'm going for a walk," she called, a moment later, looking in from the hall, with a nubia gracefully twisted about her head. "Will you come? You may, if you wish."

What could he do? He was her slave, let her behave as she would.

He followed her obediently, therefore, and they bent their steps towards the river.

The morning was a lovely one, for it was early summer. The air was soft and balmy, sweet with the fragrance of bud and blossom. All nature wore that peculiar freshness and beauty only seen at that season, and after plentiful rains in May.

Miss Davenant enjoyed her walk, as she enjoyed everything else. She imitated the birds that trilled overhead; and threw pebbles into the river; and decorated her beautiful tresses with wild-flowers; and chattered, and laughed, and broke forth into gay snatches of song, with all the happy abandon of a child.

Never had she seemed lighter hearted. I have seen boys impaling flies, and enjoying the cruelty of it; and Miss Davenant seemed to be made happy by the very tortures she inflicted.

Howard Murray walked beside her, taking note of all her varying moods, and waiting and hoping for some token of her favor; but she gave him none; nothing more, at least, than her bewildering glances and bewitching smiles. They descended to the river-brink at last, making their way through the alder thicket to the mossy bank. The stream, swollen by the recent rains, rushed rapidly by below.

"Look at your beautiful namesakes, Miss Davenant," said Howard, pointing towards a bed of water-lilies. "How lovely they are. And they are just coming into bloom: the very first I have seen."

"I wish you had a boat, that you might go out and gather some," said the young lady: "they are one of my favorite flowers. But no: there, close under the bank, I see a forget-me-not. I would rather have that."

"Where?" asked her companion. "Aren't you mistaken? I can't see any."

"Oh, never mind," she said, pettishly. "Perhaps you don't want to see. I wouldn't have you wet your feet, Mr. Murray, in order to gratify my silly fancies."

Her lover's cheek grew hot and red.

"I'd risk my life to please you, Lilian," he said, in a repressed voice, "much less merely wet my feet. I shall be able to see the flower, when I get closer to the bank."

"Of course you will," she replied, coquettishly. "You asked, awhile ago, what sort of a gift I would like to have. Let it be that bit of forget-me-not. I'll take that for my birthday gift, Mr. Murray, and I'll take nothing else."

"You shall have it," he repeated, and even while he spoke, he ran down to the bank.

But the bank was treacherous: the current had undermined it; it gave way, just as he plucked the flower; and the next moment he was whirling down with the swift-flowing stream.

The girl clasped her hands in terror. She had not thought of this. She was thoughtless, but not really bad. She gave a wild shriek.

"Oh! what have I done? What have I done?" she cried.

She hurried through the reeds and alders to the brink of the stream, her nubia, now loosened from her head, flying wildly behind her, like a drifting veil.

"Oh, Mr. Murray," she cried, again, and again. "Oh, Howard, what have I done?"

This emotion in her voice, this calling him by his Christian name, would have made life dear to him, even if he had before given it up in despair.

He struck out bravely. But the river, swollen with rain, was too fierce for him; and Lilian Davenant, with a cry of terror, saw him disappear beneath the current, his last action being to hold up the flower, his last words, heard over all the rush of the waters.

"Forget-me-not."

"Oh, heaven save him," she cried. "Heaven forgive me. What—what have I done?"

She ran to and fro, on the top of the bank, wringing her hands, wishing, for the moment, that she was sinking out there, in the whirling waters, instead of her lover.

But our hero was an expert swimmer, and a strong man. He soon rose to the surface again, and struck out for the shore. Although the task was almost a hopeless one, he reached the bank at last. Panting and breathless, from his terrible battle with death, he could only drag himself up on the shore, however, and sink down there almost lifeless.

Miss Davenant, as she saw this, threw out her white arms, and uttered a cry of joy, that recalled his fast fading senses to themselves.

"Oh, he shall have his reward," she murmured, "he shall have his reward," her bosom heaving, her eyes dim with happy tears, as she hurried to where he lay. "Nothing that he can ask of me, shall be refused. Howard, my love," she cried, passionately, "my love."

She knelt beside him, she took his head in her arms.

"My darling," he said.

His spent voice was little more than a whisper But soon, under the mesmeric influence of

loving touches, he rallied, rose, and staggered to his feet.

He was hardly able to stand, but he was still the chivalrous gentleman.

"Miss Davenant," he said, tendering her the flower, "here is your birthday gift."

She gazed at him a minute in bewilderment. Then, suddenly, she caught the hand, that even in its battle with death had held on to the flower, and kissed it passionately.

"Oh, you are saved. Thank God," was all she said, "thank God."

"I am the happiest man alive," he answered, pressing her to his heart, and kissing her dear lips. "I have won you at last, Lilian."

"You deserve to win a better woman," she whispered, softly. "I see, now, how wicked I was to trifle with you."

And on her wedding morn, soon after, Miss Davenant wore a jeweled forget-me-not in her beautiful hair, as the pledge of her love for the man who had so chivalrously risked his life to secure it for her.

A WOMAN'S DECISION.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

The words that spoken years ago
Had all my life with rapture filled,
Awake no loving impulse now.
In old affections, worn and chilled
By long indifference. Go your way;
What answer could I give but nay?

You knew I loved you. Ah, you guessed
What my poor arts could not conceal;
It gave you food for idle jest,
And I—what words can e'er reveal
The pain, the tears, the bitter shame,
That seared my youth like scorching flame?

Love's cold and dead. No lingering glow
'Mid the pale ashes you will find.
'Tis past rekindling; all too slow
You give the food for which it pined.
The flame's for lack of fuel spent.
We'll leave it so, and be content.

I loved you once; but ah, the change
From then to now. Ambition drew
My feet to paths of nobler range
O'er life's fair level heights; but you,
In sloth's inglorious control,
Have wrecked the manhood of your soul.

You wince and falter. Is the truth
So hard to bear? To me you bring
The remnant of your wasted youth,
(Oh, poor and tardy offering,)
Your ruined fortunes, tarnished name.
I see you blush, methinks in shame.

Now I have spoken, let us part
In friendly fashion, so—good-by.
Go—go, I pray, beseech me not,
Nor ask what I must still deny.
And yet—and yet—forgive the pain.
My love, come back—come back again.

COURTSHIP.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

It chanced, they say, upon a day,
A furlong from the town,
That she was strolling up the way
As he was strolling down—
She humming low, as might be so,
A ditty sweet and small;
He whistling loud a tune, you know,
That had no tune at all.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know.

As I and you perhaps might do,
They gazed upon the ground;
But when they'd gone a yard or two
Of course they both looked round.
They both were pained; they both explained
What caused their eyes to roam;
And nothing after that remained
But he should see her home.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know.

Next day to that 'twas common chat,
Admitting no debate,
A bonnet close beside a hat
Was sitting on a gate.
A month, not more, had bustled o'er,
When, braving nod and smile,
One blushing soul came through the door
Where two went up the aisle.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know.

A SPLENDID FELLOW.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

Paul Vickery lingered at the door, twisting the knob, while his friend, Sidney Elliott, whom he had been visiting, stood frowning.

"Well," repeated Vickery, "I'm off. But what about Mrs. Peck's tea? Will you go?"

"I don't know; I may," was the reluctant reply; and Paul went out, wondering what the matter was.

"Sid is a moody fellow," he muttered; "cross as the deuce"

It was noon, and he would go home to lunch, he thought. So, buttoning his overcoat against the keen air, he walked slowly up the Avenue.

"Balloons! Only ten cents," cried an old street-vender, dangling his wares before the young gentleman.

"Good heavens," laughed Paul, "what do I want with them?"

But something in the man's face touched him.

"I suppose you have a rough time," he said, and threw the man some money. "Here, I'll take your stock. Give me the strings. What, are there ten? All right, I'm going into the business."

And off he marched toward the Park.

It was fun at first. Then people began to stare at his red and blue playthings. He met several acquaintances, who chaffed him a little. And, presently, who should come sailing down Fifth Avenue, in all the daintiness of terra-cotta satin, but the most charming girl in the world: Mrs. Peck's niece, Adelaide Lascelles.

By this time, Paul had begun to tire of his new property; so he escaped across the street, sprang into a coupé, and bade the coachman drive slowly toward the Park. At each crossing, he allowed one of the perplexing toys to make its escape, until all were disposed of, when he dismissed the carriage, and went home

Long after the door had closed upon Paul, Mr. Elliott had continued to sulk. If Paul were anyone else than Paul, his staunch old friend, he would be angry with him. But he could scarcely bring himself to a quarrel with one who was forever heaping him with favors; for Paul was a young man of abundant means, and Elliott but a poor lawyer, at the bottom round. No, he could not quarrel with sunny-tempered Paul.

Adelaide Lascelles! How the name thrilled him. Young, beautiful, but alas, rich

He swallowed an incipient groan, and at length determined to attend Mrs. Peck's tea.

Mr. Sidney Elliott would have ordinarily thought it a glorious treat to be served with thin bread and butter and thinner tea by the young lady's own hands; but to-night he was restless and miserable.

Miss Lascelles wore a gown of royal-blue velvet, whose sumptuous folds, sweeping past so close, intoxicated him. He sipped his tea, and drowsily examined the quaint Japanese cup Occasionally he stole a glance at her perfect form and classic beauty.

"Eyes of the sea and sky, on a gray day," he thought, remembering a poem, and also wondering how anyone could see beauty in hair that was not of the darkest brown.

Meantime, Paul was begging Miss Lascelles for tea.

"Dear me! I had not meant to slight you, Mr. Vickery," she said, laughing softly. "You shall have some tea, though I am not sure you deserve it."

"And why not, pray?"

"I believe you purposely retreated this morning," was her answer. "Ah, sir, you cannot convince me of your innocence."

"But I assure you—be merciful."

Sidney had risen from his sofa, and now joined the group. He noticed that Vickery reddened like a girl.

"Tell us, then, for whom were the balloons intended? It occurred to me you were going to visit some orphan asylum."

"Would that you had been with me to suggest it. I was too stupid. I let them loose, one by one, driving up the avenue."

Elliott turned away, and set down his cup; the tea sickened him. Why was he here? It was no place for him, poor struggler—this rose-lit Paradise, where they sipped sweet draughts, and talked idle nonsense, and laughed without a reason. Such places were only for Paul. He would go. He spoke a few words to Adelaide, pleading fatigue. She seemed troubled, just for a moment, but then a sweet color came into her pure, camelia-like face.

"Must you go?" she repeated. "I am so sorry." That was all.

Later, at dinner, Mrs. Peck said to her niece:

"So Mr. Sidney Elliott, it seems, had a bad headache to-day. Did you notice that he stayed only a little while? I have been just considering which I admire the most, him, or Paul."

"We have known Paul so long—" began Adelaide, hurriedly, then paused. "I should fancy Mr. Elliott is much older," she resumed.

"Of course, of course. And of an entirely different temperament—more nervous. Did you ever see finer eyes?"

At that moment Sidney was sitting gloomily, by himself, in his own room. He was glad that Vickery did not come in; he did not feel capable of civility. Yet his conscience smote him. He could not turn right or left without stumbling on some evidence of his friend's good-nature. The enticing easy-chair, the curious cabinet on the mantel, the quaint table-lamp, the fine painting on the wall behind him, and a host of smaller articles—all were gifts from Paul. But jealousy, alas, comes between even the warmest friendships.

It was late the next morning when Elliott rose. Fortunately, he had little or nothing to do for the day. He found himself, again, at Mrs. Peck's, making a call, though, all the while, thinking how utterly useless were his longings.

"So glad you came. We want your advice," laughed the blonde matron, as she shook hands with him. "We are going to give a ball. But where is Paul? We can do absolutely nothing without him."

"I have not seen him to-day," replied Sidney. "But perhaps I could find him at the club. It is but a step. Let me try."

"Oh, really, no," said Adelaide. "You are too kind."

"Not at all. I shall return at once, in any event." He made his exit from the blue and gold boudoir as he spoke.

Paul was not at the club. However, as Elliott turned to retrace his steps, he saw his friend driving down the street, footman-attended, in the jauntiest cart imaginable.

Paul saw Elliott, and drew up at the corner.

"How do you like this, Sid?"

"Stunning!" returned Sidney, who had a passion for elegant turnouts. "I was looking for you," he went on. "Mrs. Peck wants you. But, of course, you can't come."

"I was just on my way to your rooms," said Paul. "It is as well that we met. You see, I had intended to ask Miss Lascelles for a drive in the Park."

Elliott's face paled, despite himself.

"Well?" he queried, coldly.

"But the fact is, I can't manage the team to-day. I wrenched my wrist this morning; and it's worse than I thought at first. Now, if you want to do me a favor, take the rig and—my place."

Sidney started. His heart thumped for a moment, then sank.

"Thanks. I can hardly suppose the lady would be pleased with such an off-hand arrangement."

"Nonsense, Sid. I think you might oblige me."

"Oh, if you put it that way, it's another matter," said Sidney, and sprang in.

It was by no means difficult to persuade Adelaide into the drive, especially as these mild November afternoons were growing scarce. So, while Paul remained to gossip with Mrs. Peck about the coming ball, Elliott and Miss Lascelles drove off.

When once inside the Park, Elliott let the horses take their time. Occasionally, he stole a glance at Miss Lascelles. His heart throbbed violently. Once, he gave a guilty start; for their eyes had met. It seemed to him that he had looked for a second into Paradise.

Presently—just how he could not tell—they came to talk of men, and professions, and ambitions. She flattered him with the suggestion of a brilliant future, and uttered such encouraging words, that the blood went leaping in his veins.

For months he had worshiped this woman from afar; but with chivalric regard had never even hinted his love. This moment, however, his heart was too sorely tried, and in a low earnest voice he said:

"Miss Lascelles, suppose a poor but ambitious young man should fall madly in love with a beautiful woman—one who had everything: friends, position, and wealth to defend her. What should he do? Should he not, at any cost, conceal his love, until he had won a name?"

"Perhaps," she said, doubtfully.

He dared not look in her face; but he fancied he had caught in the tone of her voice an echo of his own passion. When he spoke again, it was clearly of himself.

"I have the ambition and industry, possibly, to reach success," he said, as if emboldened by the brief silence; "but well I know that it may be years away, though I have a great hope that even now the case is in my hands which will speedily settle my future."

"Ah," said Miss Lascelles, with decided interest, "a suit, a great suit that you expect to gain?"

"Yes, a suit involving large interests, which, if I win, will surely give me an enviable place in my profession."

"And you will win," she said, brightly; "it is both my hope and my prediction."

By this time, they had made the circuit of the Park, and were at Mrs. Peck's again.

"I hope I have not vexed you with my confidences," he said, breathlessly, as they went up the steps.

"Oh, Mr. Elliott, I have been truly interested," she began, reproachfully, then stopped, for Paul Vickery was coming out.

"Mrs. Peck and I have arranged every detail," he said, lightly.

Elliott tried to be agreeable.

"Thanks for the team, Vickery," he said.

"All right. I'll take them home," was the unceremonious rejoinder; and Paul chuckled as he drove away. His wrist did not seem to trouble him now. "Had to have some excuse," he reflected. "Sid is so deuced sensitive; hardly dare to offer him anything nowadays."

Elliott thought he could not stop to tea, and Adelaide bade him a rather dreamy adieu.

Mrs. Peck had a habit of saying the most charming things about everybody to everybody else, and sometimes, all unintentionally, making mischief. This very afternoon, she had sent Paul off with a queer notion in his head.

"Adelaide will hardly have enjoyed the ride for thinking of your poor wrist," she had said, innocently; but her tone and the knowing toss of the blonde head had set him to thinking.

Could it be possible that Adelaide cared for him? If such were the case, what would poor Elliott do? Poor Sid! Could he survive it?

That evening, Mrs. Peck said something of the same sort to her niece.

"I think it was quite self-sacrificing in Paul to send you off with that Mr. Sidney Elliott," and she laughed slyly.

"Oh, aunt!" cried Adelaide. "Surely you don't think—"

"I never think, my darling. I *know*."

Adelaide colored, and was silent, remembering the words that Sidney Elliott had spoken.

Paul Vickery did not again go to Mrs. Peck's for two or three days. Then he noticed a certain shyness in the young lady's manner.

"Good heavens!" he groaned. "How will it all end? I fear Mrs. Peck is right."

Meanwhile Elliott was undergoing a wearing suspense, for the law-suit of which he had spoken to Adelaide was on trial. He did not see Paul oftener than twice or thrice until the morning of the ball, and then had but a few words with him, and those on the subject of the suit.

"You look flurried," said Vickery.

Sidney gave a nervous laugh.

"I shall probably be flurried until we have had a decision. Our arguments were all made to-day, you know."

"Of course," said Paul, who was far more anxious himself than the other had dreamed.

"We'll meet at the ball this evening."

Sidney spent a restless day. He was early at the ball. For awhile, of course, he could not expect to see much of Adelaide, who was assisting her aunt to receive the guests. But he found a niche, whence, unnoticed, he could observe her graceful movements and exquisite attire. She wore a rich, creamy silk, with crimson roses at the belt and on the bosom; creamy gloves, whose soft, wrinkled gauntlets reached almost to the round, white shoulders; and her slender feet were crimson-stockinged and slippered.

Presently some one took his arm. It was Vickery.

"What news?" asked the latter.

"Success," answered Sidney, in a dazed way, as if he himself could scarcely realize it, though it had been seven hours since.

"By George!" cried Vickery, his eyes shining. "Is it so? Then come along, old fellow, and enjoy yourself. No more dreaming."

In due time Sidney had sought Miss Lascelles and secured a waltz, after which he looked for her aunt.

Mrs. Peck found a quadrille for him. She was fonder of dancing, even, than Adelaide.

It was over—his waltz with Adelaide, and, still giddy with the sublime rhythm, and the clinging, intoxicating perfume of crimson roses, he remembered that his quadrille with Mrs. Peck came next. It was after the opening figure that his partner caught him closely observing Adelaide, who was dancing with Paul.

"A pretty couple," she suggested, confidentially.

"Yes," was his faint assent.

"Ah! I often picture them dancing merrily through life together."

"What did you say?" cried Sidney, with a hard gasp. "Is there any—"

"Oh, *I* must not be the first to announce it," she laughed. "They really have not authorized me." And then came their turn to lead another figure.

Sidney's heart was strangely cold and quiet.

So this was the end of it all! He had been making a terrible mistake. For of course the aunt must know. Before, it had been a spectre of possibility, which haunted him; now, it was a demon of certainty.

What booted the success, the inspiring triumph, which had been his that afternoon?

He managed after a fashion to get through the quadrille, and creep away to a corner.

The constant music, exquisite at the outset, turned to a jar of hideous discord. Still he remained quiet in his corner, and saw Adelaide again dancing with Vickery.

The dull ache at his heart and brain grew intolerable. He resolved to get away from this scene of mockery. The glitter of jewels and shimmer of silken raiment were maddening.

He arose to make his way across the room, and so met Miss Lascelles.

"I believe I must go," he said, with a ghastly smile. "And I will bid you a long good-by, for to-morrow I go abroad."

"Go abroad?" she smiled, as if he were joking.

"Yes, I—I have had news to-day—sudden news—which will affect all my future life—how, I hardly know."

Then she realized that he was in earnest, and wondered why his success (which, strangely enough, he had not mentioned to her, but of which Paul had given her a hint) should have so altered his plans.

"I am very sorry," she said, with courteous regret. "Do not go without seeing us, to-morrow."

And then she turned to a waiting partner, while Sidney went on slowly toward the stairs, where Paul confronted him.

"Paul," he said, faintly, "I would like to see you alone a little while—five minutes. Is there no place?"

"To be sure, old fellow. We'll go down to the conservatory."

When they had reached that place, he cried: "For heaven's sake, Elliott, what has happened? You are as pale as death."

"It isn't much," said Elliott, feebly. "I've been an idiot, and deserve to suffer for my folly. But you've been a true friend, Paul; and I am sorry, if I've acted bearish, these two weeks."

"Well," replied Paul, frankly, "I think you have been a little bearish. But let that drop."

"If I had only known," Sidney continued, slowly, and with a great effort, "I might have been spared much pain."

"Of course," said Paul, "and if I only knew what you refer to, I might unravel the mystery. Why not out with it?"

"Don't, Paul," with a great sob. "Don't pretend to misunderstand me. If I had known there was any prior claim—and especially you, old fellow—" Then Sidney broke down.

"Sid, you bewilder me. I tell you I've no prior claim on anything you want. Why the deuce don't you—oh, you don't mean a lady, do you?"

"I mean Miss Lascelles," said Elliott, raising a stern white face.

Paul sobered instantly.

"Oh," he repeated, "Miss Lascelles. Sid," he cried, impulsively, "if I've been to blame in this, I'll never forgive myself—never—never. But what can I do?"

"What can you do?" cried Elliott, fiercely. Then softening a little: "Let the world know of the engagement soon, or some other poor devil—"

"But there is no engagement."

"No engagement?" repeated Sidney, staring curiously.

"Why, of course not."

And Paul's face showed great perplexity.

"Sid," he cried, abruptly, "if you will wait till I go back and excuse myself from a partner, perhaps I can explain this matter. Mind you don't stir. I'll return at once."

And without waiting for an answer, he posted back to the ball-room, where he secured Adelaide for a promenade. He had an idea.

"Kill or cure," he muttered to himself. "If she does not care for him, it's best he should hear it from her own lips."

And so he said to her:

"There's a poor fellow, down in the conservatory, who has had bad news to-day. I think a word of sympathy from you would be vastly comforting."

"Is it Mr. Elliott?" she asked, quietly. "I thought he had had good news."

"You will find him at the south end," said Paul, leaving her abruptly at the entrance.

Elliott started as Miss Lascelles came in.

"Miss Lascelles," he cried.

She drew near, so near that the perfume of her roses made him dizzy again.

"Is it true," she asked, gently, "that you have had bad news?"

"Yes," he said, with infinite sadness. "I have had some fond hopes shattered."

He wistfully watched her face, as if longing to read something more than pity. But it was perfectly calm.

"You will despise me for displaying such weakness," he resumed, "but it has been a terrible blow. I have been foolish enough to suppose that a beautiful girl might care for me, and this evening—"

"This evening?" she repeated, steadily.

"I learned of her love for another."

After a little Adelaide spoke calmly.

"You have my sympathy, Mr. Elliott. It must be hard to bear. Perhaps in time, though, you will come to forget it."

"Never, never!" he cried, passionately. All hope was gone now—she was indifferent to him. "I thank you for your sympathy," he said, gently. "I shall always remember it. May I take you in again?"

"I think I will wait here for Paul."

"Then good-night," cried Sidney, desperately, "and—thank you—for all."

He fled hastily, fearing he should do something mad; those crimson roses were so near.

He meant to find the cloak-room, and leave the house at once. But, instead, he continued his wild rush up the grand staircase, and entered a small, empty chamber.

Here it was still, and he tried to think calmly. The window was wide open; a full, yellow moon looked in from a frosty sky. Scarce knowing what he did, Sidney fell on his knees, and rested his forehead on the window-sill. The ball-room music, faint and sweet, and the sliding footsteps, came occasionally up to his ear.

But he grew quieter, and at intervals peered out over the sill—down, down. The distance offered a horrible suggestion. But he had a brave heart, after all. "The thong, the rack, the fire, but not that. Face it like a man," he cried, addressing himself. He rose to his feet, just as the door opened, and some one strode across the floor. He looked around, and saw Paul.

"For God's sake, Sid," said his friend, "what did you say to her? I found her in a dead faint. I have been hunting for you everywhere."

"What did I say?" repeated Elliott, hoarsely, as if dazed.

Paul shook him a little.

"Wake up. Do you want to break her heart? I mean Adelaide. Now, come back, and do the thing properly. Wait a moment. I think I see where the trouble lies. You've been mistaken about me, Sid. I tell you now, on my honor as a gentleman, that, while I admire and esteem Miss Lascelles, I never yet dreamed of marrying her. And judging from what she said when she first came to herself, I should imagine—"

"What did she say?" gasped Elliott.

"Oh, she began moaning about your having 'gone forever!' And not believing anything of the kind, I just rushed off in search of you."

Sidney staggered to the door.

"God bless you!" he cried, and hurriedly disappeared down the stairs, while Paul followed.

Adelaide rose, trembling, from her seat, at Sidney's approach.

"You will not go," she said, softly, and her lip trembled.

"Oh, my darling, my darling, bid me stay. For it is you I love."

He folded her to his heart, and the crimson roses filled the air with sweetness, and the music came in tender snatches from the ball-room—and love reigned.

And all this was brought about by Paul. No wonder that Elliott, to the day of his death, will think him A Splendid Fellow!

QUITE DECIDED.

BY H. C. GORDON.

Yes, I hate you! Once I said:
"Dear, I love you." Love is dead;
Hush! tread softly. Do not weep,
Lest you break its dreamless sleep.

Here are letters, gifts, and flowers,
Worthless links of bygone hours;
Take them all—well, leave just one
For my heart to rest upon.

Blot away from memory's book
Every thought, and word, and look;
Write across: "I quite forget."
Why, how strange, my eyes are wet.

Since I hate you, can there be
Any hope for you or me?
Is hate present? Is love past?
Choose, my darling, which shall last.

MY LADY FAIR.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

She walks in the garden, my lady fair,
With a nameless grace and a presence rare;
With rapture I gaze on her lovely face,
For there all that is pure and true I trace.

She walks in the garden, my lady fair.
There's a glint of gold in her rippling hair.
She's trilling a lay of the olden time,
And her eye grows bright as her glance meets mine.

I love her! I love her! This lady fair,
With the gracious mien and the presence rare.
And the dearest of all life's joys, I ween,
Is to call my lady, my wife, my queen.

RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER VI.

In the picturesque lake country of New York lies a lovely sheet of water, which has given its name, Skaneateles, to the town nestled upon its margin.

I saw both for the first time during the autumn of the year to which we have lately bidden farewell, and during the pleasant days spent in their vicinity I arranged in my mind the story with which I hope for a twelvemonth to interest you, my old friends.

I want to take you back almost a century and a half, to the year in which in a former chapter I described the accession of the youthful heir of the Earls of Forsborough to his ancestral honors.

At that time, Skaneateles Lake was girded by a primeval forest. At one end, where the waters scoop into the land, forming a wide, deep basin, and the shore rises abruptly, till it attains the dimensions almost of a bluff, spread the wigwams of the Cayuga Indians—among the most powerful of the tribes whom American history knows as the Six Nations.

It was a September afternoon, late in the month, and never did even our New World offer a day more lovely.

An unusual excitement reigned in the Indian village; for on the previous day swift runners had brought a summons for the tribe to join in a Council, which was to take place near Albany.

The Governor of the Province of New York had conceived the plan of calling together representatives of the Nations, with which England was in treaty, partly for political purposes, partly to give certain newly-arrived British regiments an idea of the real character of the allies who were expected to play so important a part in the anticipated struggle against the French.

In the outskirts of the straggling village, close to the brink of the lake, stood a log-cabin, which had been built years before by a Protestant missionary, and in which he dwelt, loved and honored by the tribe, along with his granddaughter, whom the Indians called the Morning Star.

The excitement increased as the day wore on; for upon an occasion of such importance, it was the habit of the chiefs to take with them their favorite wives and daughters, and as human nature displays few variations, you may be certain that the hearts of the swarthy women, mothers and maidens, swelled with as many glowing fancies as could quicken feminine souls in any modern society on the eve of an anticipated pleasure.

The missionary's granddaughter was seated alone in the living-room of the log-cabin, which, rude as it was as to make and furniture, betrayed numerous evidences of the occupancy of refined and poetical natures.

She was seated at a table, busily preparing humming-birds, with the skill of a practiced taxidermist.

A shadow darkened the door. She looked up, and saw an Indian girl, bright as a flamingo and graceful as a panther, standing on the threshold. She held in one hand a bow and its arrow, whose stone tip was so carefully wrought that the point of a dagger could hardly have been sharper. In her other hand, she grasped a number of humming-birds, which she held up with a low gurgling laugh, sweet as the notes of a wood-thrush.

"Here you are at last, Okalona," the young lady said, with a pleasant smile of greeting. "So you have found more of our pretty little unfortunates—all to be sacrificed for your sake."

"And I have got them just in time. They must all be made up at once. I can help—and they must be done," cried the girl, panting and breathless with excitement, though the accent and modulation of voice with which she spoke English were as pure almost as those of her white friend.

"I thought by your looks that something very pleasant had happened to you. Tell me what it is," rejoined the other.

"It is decided that I am to go to the Council, along with my mother and the chief," exclaimed Okalona, as she untied the string of grass which held the bundle of birds together, and laid the brilliant-plumaged little creatures one by one on the table.

"Pahwaset hesitated, because he said I was too young; but it is all settled—I am to go."

"Your father is too kind ever to refuse you anything you ask, if he can avoid it—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Okalona, too eager to listen. "There will be nothing so beautiful. I shall have a crown of them for my head, and plenty twined in the braids of my hair—plenty. I mean to be very, very handsome."

"I only hope your poor head will not be completely turned before this expedition is over," said the missionary's granddaughter, with a smile so sweet that it prevented any possibility of offence being taken at her words. "You must promise me to be very wise and sedate."

"I would promise you anything you chose to ask, Angela!" exclaimed the Indian girl, while a sudden expression of gravity and thankfulness elevated her dusky features into new beauty. "I would be glad to give my soul for you, and, thanks to your teachings, I know what the word soul means! I hope, I pray, each morning and night, that I may be able some time to prove the truth of what I am saying! That is all; but I want you to remember these words!"

"I will, I promise in my turn," Angela answered, and the lips of the two girls met in a silent kiss, and their arms joined in a long embrace.

Suddenly the Indian girl started up, whispering: "I hear steps; it is your grandfather. He brings a visitor."

"It must be Mr. Roach, the fur-trader. I told you about him," Angela said, rapidly.

"Yes, I remember," Okalona answered, turning towards the door, so that her face was hidden from her friend's scrutiny. Then, with a low, deep breath, she stepped quickly back, so that she was hidden from view by a curtain which hung before some book-shelves.

"My child," called a voice, which possessed the richness of age without its ordinary tremulousness, "I bring our new friend, Mr. Roach, to wish you good-day."

Angela rose, while an expression, hardly strong enough to call displeasure, swept swiftly across her features, and replied:

"Friends, new or old, are always welcome!"

"Thanks, Miss Angela," a young man's voice said, and then both gentlemen entered the room.

A courteous wave of the host's hand gave the precedence to his guest, a handsome blonde fellow, of perhaps eight and twenty, who walked towards the young lady with his hand extended.

"Mr. Roach has decided to accompany us in our trip to Albany," said the missionary, looking at the youthful couple with a smile of heavenly sweetness, which softened his rugged features into that peculiar beauty of age which is so incomparably far beyond that of youth, because it is a sure index of the soul.

A very old man, but erect as a boy of twenty, with soft, melancholy black eyes, snow-white hair, falling in heavy waves to his shoulders; attired in a half-Indian garb—altogether an object so picturesque that he looked a model ready for the hand of an artist.

But it would have taxed the utmost skill of a great genius to depict the face! It was so replete with gentleness, so full of love for all created things, that no acute observer could have gazed thereon without comprehending that through the experience of suffering this aged man had learned aright existence's noblest lesson—to live for others, and had thereby attained the highest blessings which life can offer any human being—patience and peace.

He stood for a moment watching the youthful pair, then passed on into an inner room.

"Why do you go away, grandfather?" Angela exclaimed, in Italian. But he had closed the door before she spoke. She made a movement to follow, checked herself, and said to Roach, still speaking in the same soft tongue in which she had called after her relative: "Is he disturbed about something—is he ill?" Then she stopped, with a little nervous laugh, and added, in English: "I beg your pardon. I forgot what language I was speaking."

"I understand," Roach answered, in Italian. "I am sure that he is neither ill nor troubled. What makes you fancy he could be?"

"Only because he looks more like an angel than usual, and his voice sounded even sweeter than ordinary," she said, with another glance towards the door, which showed how difficult it was to restrain her impulse to follow the old man.

"I wanted to pay the same compliment to his granddaughter, but I did not dare," returned Roach. "At least, I may be allowed to hope that it is not suffering which makes her so beautiful to-day."

Again the expression which had crossed Angela's face at the sound of his voice, when he stood upon the threshold, flitted over her features, and the young man added quickly, still speaking in the sweet southern dialect in which she had unconsciously replied to his first remark:

"Have I offended you?"

"Oh, no," she replied, with a grave, gentle dignity; "only made me sorry you have so soon

forgotten what my grandfather told you the other day—that we missionaries are taught to consider such light compliments a sinful waste of words and time."

"Do you term the frank expression of an honest heart light compliments?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "I should have expected more justice from the father's grandchild."

She gave him a glance, half of annoyance, half of regret at her own petulance; then, with the tact of a true woman, got herself out of the difficulty by a rapid change of subject.

"Why, I did not notice that we were speaking Italian," she said, in English, with a smile. "My grandfather and I talk it so habitually between ourselves, that I forgot to be surprised to hear an Englishman speak the language so well. Where did you learn, Mr. Roach?"

"I spent several years in Italy when a boy," he explained; then added, in a voice which suddenly deepened with emotion: "You did not answer my question. But surely, you cannot, with your delicate intuitions, fail to distinguish between frank honesty and mere compliments."

She hesitated for an instant; then, looking him full in the face with her serious, beautiful violet eyes, replied in a low tone:

"I will try to, henceforth, Mr. Roach, and you shall oblige me by making your expressions of friendship less poetical.'

He opened his lips to speak, while a hot flush shot over his face; but apparently regardless of his intention, she moved away, saying:

"I quite forgot my other visitor. I want you to see her." Then she called: "Okalona, where have you hidden yourself?"

The curtain which hung in front of the bookshelves was sent flying out into the room, like an immense bird's wing, and the Indian girl emerged from her place of concealment.

The apparition was so lovely and so unexpected, that the young man fairly started back, with a vague wonder if it could be mortal.

She stood there with her beauty roused by nervous excitement to its fullest splendor, her eyes blazing like diamonds; her lips parted so as to show a gleam of the pearly teeth; her two arms extended, till her blanket fell down from her shoulders in folds as artistic as the mantles worn by the women of ancient Greece; her attitude graceful as that of a wild deer just ready to leap.

"I will meet you by the lake, Angela," she cried, and was gone.

As the outer door closed behind her retreating form, the missionary's granddaughter turned to Roach, and said:

"You have seen my friend. Is she not more lovely than I described her? She hid, I suppose, frightened by a stranger's appearance. You recollect my telling you about her?"

"Perfectly," Roach replied, with difficulty mastering the emotion which the sight of the girl's beauty had aroused, though he spoke quietly enough. "And your grandfather told me what you omitted, that you have been like an elder sister to—what is her name?"

"Okalona."

"Ah, yes. You have spent so much pains and time in lifting her out of ignorance and developing her mental qualities, that you must have learned to love her very dearly, as we always do the people for whom we take a great deal of trouble."

"She is worthy all the affection I or a far better woman could give," Angela said, enthusiastically. "The teaching and training her have been among my greatest pleasures. She is so quick and apt, that I am sure a few years more would carry her far beyond her instructress."

"You speak as if you were a whole generation her elder," Roach rejoined, laughingly.

"I am almost twenty-two, and she barely sixteen. Even in this quiet life I have led, six years make a world of difference," Angela answered, thoughtfully. "I wonder sometimes if I am really doing the child a service. But grandfather says I must not think of that—only be ready to do whatever my hand finds to do."

"And grandfather is right," said the missionary's voice, so suddenly that both started.

He had opened the door of his chamber, just as Okalona fled, and the pair turning, saw him standing there, with his whole face illuminated by the smile which parted his lips.

"Grandfather is always right," cried Angela, hurrying towards him, and leaning her head upon his shoulder.

The old man laid his hand on her forehead in a silent blessing; bent, and kissed her cheek; then said, quietly:

"Have you told Mr. Roach what a hard journey we have before us? It will take at least four days to reach Albany."

"Oh, I am not afraid of the fatigue," said Roach. "I have been months enough in America to learn a little physical endurance. Besides, a journey in company such as I shall have would compensate for hardships ten times worse than any we can encounter."

He glanced toward Angela as he spoke; but her eyes were fastened on her grandfather, who said:

"We will try to make the journey of benefit

to us all. No event happens in this mortal life which may not be turned to our good, and that of those about us, if only we use it aright."

"As even the weakest and most ignorant must learn to do, if allowed the benefit of your example," Angela half whispered.

The old man kissed her cheek again; put her gently aside, and sat down near their guest, saying:

"My daughter, friend Roach and I have had a long walk. Can you give us something to eat?"

"I hope I am a fair enough housekeeper for that," she replied, with the girlish lightness which now and then enlivened her usual grave demeanor.

She went away to consult the old Indian woman who assisted her in the work of the kitchen, and while she was laying the cloth, and passing in and out in pursuance of her duties, the missionary and his guest sat talking upon matters connected with the probable results of the Council to which they were bound.

"The newly-arrived regiments will make a grand show," Roach said, in answer to some remark of his entertainer's. "Better than that, they will prove the very men for their post. I learned only to-day that the king has even sent one regiment which he has hitherto refused to dispatch. By the way, a splendid chance to distinguish himself has been given the new Lord Fausbrook. The death of the Colonel, which took place at sea, leaves him in command."

The missionary laid a hand heavily on either arm of his chair, and for an instant his face betrayed a strange emotion, which John Roach secretly watched, while seeming to follow Angela's movements, as she flitted about the table.

Presently the missionary asked, quietly:

"What did you say was the name of the young nobleman?"

"Lord Fausbrook. He inherited the title only a few months since," Roach replied, now openly and steadfastly regarding his host. "You told me you had lived in England, so you may perhaps know that the Earldom of Forsborough is among the most important in Great Britain."

At this instant, Angela, who had been too much occupied to heed the conversation, called:

"Dinner is ready, grandfather."

The old man rose, signed to his visitor to follow, and as the three stood about the table, lifted his hands in blessing. "Lord of the universe, Father of humanity, whom nothing that concerns mankind can be too small or too slight to interest, receive our thanks! Not a swallow can fall to the earth without Thy permission; even the hairs of a man's head are numbered! We ask Thee for us personally that now and always we may have grace to submit to Thy guidance—to accept Thy will. Amen."

And while Angela's clear, ringing voice repeated the last word, the guest stood with his face hidden behind his hand, to conceal the terrible exultation which paled his features. His last doubts were over—he had found the objects of his search.

CHAPTER VII.

Two mornings later, the shore of Skaneateles Lake, along which were scattered the picturesque villages of the Cayuga Indians, revealed a spectacle grander from its wild nature than the beginning of any Old World royal progress could have presented.

Line after line, the young braves of the tribe, in their most brilliant war-plumes, wound along the bank towards the isolated dwelling occupied by their leading chief, Pahwaset. It was a large structure, built of huge logs, standing on a round eminence at the opening of the lake, and rendered more conspicuous at this season by the gorgeous tints of the forest trees which surmounted it.

Here they formed into a semi-circle, across which their ruler, followed by his oldest warriors and the medicine-men of the tribe, foremost among whom walked the missionary, passed slowly towards the spot where the horses were tethered, and the necessary baggage collected, under the charge of those assigned to this especial duty.

Close behind this group walked Angela, accompanied by the wife and daughter of Pahwaset—an innovation upon the usual Indian customs, which proved, more plainly than any other exhibition could have done, the influence which the grand old man and his child had acquired over the entire tribe.

As soon as the grave, dignified procession had traversed the space, the semi-circle broke up with the swiftness of a wave flung at high-tide upon the ocean's beach. The women, who had stood in a phalanx at one side, rushed eagerly forward, and during a few moments the only comparison which could give an idea of the scene would be that of the swarming of a hive of bees. Even the decorum characteristic of the red races could not prevent the general excitement rising into wild commotion as the squaws pressed on. Some snatched up their burthens, prepared to travel on foot; others ready to mount the horses, which had been secured for them; while those too aged to undertake the journey swelled the

crowd, and hosts of children shouted and fought in the very foreground in their mad eagerness to watch the start. But the military discipline which ruled the Roman legions in their proudest days was scarcely more perfect than that which governed the aborigines of this soil, and it required but a brief time for those in command to reduce the assembly to order.

Within an hour the train set forth, Pahwaset and his old warriors marching in advance, silent, resolute, leading the people forth into the depths of the primeval forest, so bright already with gorgeous coloring that to enter it was like passing up the aisle of some mighty cathedral formed by nature's hand, compared to which the grandest architectural achievement ever created by man could only appear a pale and ineffectual reflex.

For days the assemblage journeyed through the splendor of the wood, led unerringly by its appointed guides, and on the fifth evening this important portion of the Indian army came in sight of the Hudson, and encamped on the high ground back of Albany.

The next morning's sun rose in splendor, and at an early hour the representatives of the Six Nations marshaled under their respective leaders to meet the Governor of the Province and the newly-arrived British regiments.

About where the present State House stands, a platform had been erected for the accommodation of the chief dignitary and his invited guests. Here were gathered the leading gentlemen of the Province with their wives and daughters, and conspicuous among these for grace and beauty showed the Governor's youthful niece.

The cavalry regiments, with their scarlet uniforms blazing in the light, swept slowly past; then came the infantry, and behind followed the bands of Indians; each troop pausing for an instant to salute the Governor, then filing on towards its appointed place in the field.

The review began with the martial manœuvres of the white soldiers; then they divided into four squadrons, leaving in the centre a wide space free for the performance of the war-dances of the Indians.

When the time for this exhibition arrived, the various officers of the British regiments found leisure in turn to pay their respects to the Governor and the ladies, who formed a knot, brilliant as a bunch of exotic flowers, in the group gathered about him.

Among these guests, the missionary and Angela had a place, and were treated by all with the consideration which the old man's long years of successful work among the Indian tribes had amply earned him.

As the missionary, a little weary of the scene, was standing thoughtfully near the steps which led to the platform, a group of officers passed him, on their way to salute the Governor.

The missionary chanced at the moment to drop his cane, which he was holding under his arm, and one of the young men, dressed in the uniform of a Colonel, stooped quickly, took up the stick, and handed it to its owner.

Just at the instant, the Governor, who had been walking for some moments up and down the centre of the platform with a stately Knickerbocker dame upon his arm, turned in that direction. He made some remark in a low tone to the lady, and walked forward a few steps, saying, in his habitually slow measured voice, which gave peculiar distinctness to his words:

"Colonel Fausbrook, I am happy to congratulate you. I have never seen anything to surpass the discipline of your men. We had all heard a great deal in advance of your regiment; but highly as I knew its coming was to be prized, it goes beyond my expectations."

The young Colonel bowed low, and returned his thanks in a few well-chosen phrases, while the eyes of all present were fixed on him with a curiosity of which he appeared unconscious; for there were few there who did not know that under his modest military appellation he shrouded one of the noblest titles in all England.

For some moments, the conversation became general in the group which had collected around, and during this time, the missionary kept his place, with his eyes fixed upon the young Colonel with a certain keen scrutiny, as if something in his appearance attracted a more than ordinary attention.

At some question which Fausbrook asked in regard to the Indians, the Governor, who, with the keen observation which characterized him, had noticed the missionary standing a little in the background, gave him a courteous sign to approach, observing:

"Father Meda, no one can be so capable as you of giving Colonel Fausbrook the information he desires. Let me make you two acquainted."

"I am indebted to his excellency for this opportunity of knowing you," the Colonel said. "Short as the time is since I landed in America, I have heard enough to understand how much the Province owes to your efforts among our Indian allies."

The missionary was still fixedly regarding him, and a rather tremulous smile played slowly about his lips, though he said, quietly:

"That a blessing has followed the attempts is

sufficient. In matters of duty, the man personally is of no consequence."

"A rather hard doctrine to be accepted by the ordinary vanity of human nature, Father Meda," the Governor rejoined, with somewhat ponderous playfulness.

The missionary only smiled again, and as one of the group about the Governor answered the remark, and the talk again became general, he stepped once more into the background, and stood leaning against the railing which surrounded the platform.

The young Colonel, irresistibly attracted by the old man, of whom he had heard such frequent mention during the past days, followed as soon as an opportunity offered, saying, as he reached his side:

"I am afraid all these ceremonials and this idle talk have wearied you, Father Meda."

He hesitated, and then added, quickly:

"I am obliged to give you the title by which the Indians address you, since even the Governor used it from long habit."

"I have borne no other name for many years; it is pleasant to me to hear it," the missionary said. "What was it you were asking his excellency about the Nations?"

The Colonel repeated his question, and for some moments the pair stood conversing pleasantly.

At length, Angela, who had been seated among the little court that environed the Governor's niece, managed to escape, and traversed the platform in search of her grandfather. As she reached the pair, the missionary put out his arm and drew her towards him, saying:

"Colonel Fausbrook, this is my granddaughter —Angela. She has been my right hand for years. It is in a great measure owing to her feminine intuitions that I have been able, humanly speaking, to accomplish the work which appears so much to interest you."

The Colonel made a low obeisance, to which the girl responded, with a dignity and grace that none of the grandest ladies present could have surpassed, and then turned quickly towards her grandfather, her beautiful eyes eloquent with affection and solicitude for the being who since childhood had been the absorbing interest of her life.

"Grandfather," she said, "let us go out for awhile. We need make no formal adieus. I am sure you are weary of all this bustle. You look very tired."

"I believe I am tired," the missionary answered, with his placid smile; then added, in a tone so low that it did not reach even her watchful ears: "Very tired—very tired—but not of this."

"Then we will walk about in the plain," Angela said. "Come, grandfather."

"If Colonel Fausbrook will excuse us," the old man replied, bowing as he spoke.

"If you and Miss Angela permit, I will accompany you," Fausbrook said, with a second bow to the young lady, and a quick glance of admiration, as evidently sincere as it was involuntary, which brought a swift wave of color to her cheeks. "I am so little of a society man, that I feel quite out of my element among all these fine people."

The three passed down the steps, and entered the field.

They walked slowly on, till they reached a little knoll, across which a group of maple-trees cast a pleasant shadow, and paused there to look about over the picturesque scene. Not far off, a company of soldiers were seated on the grass, eating their dinners, their arms stacked in a shining heap at one side.

The Indian dances had just ended, and the warriors were filing off towards the portion of the plain where the squaws were collected, busy preparing refreshment for their braves. Near the platform, stood a group of gentlemen and ladies, in the showy attire of the period. Just beyond them, a knot of young men and maidens of the neighborhood, who had come to see the show. In whatever direction the eye turned, were oddly-contrasted groups, the whole scene lighted by the glory of the autumn sky.

The missionary, still silent and thoughtful, sat down on the stump of a tree, beneath the gorgeously-tinted maples, while the young pair conversed with the grave dignity with which reserved natures are apt to commence an acquaintance.

Presently, a band of subalterns, belonging to Fausbrook's regiment, rode by, saluting their Colonel as they passed. Angela, at the moment, had half turned to her grandfather, about to whisper some loving word in his ear, so that she did not notice that a civilian riding among the officers lifted his hat to her, though the gesture on his part was so simultaneous with her movement, that it almost looked as if she had averted her head to avoid replying to his sign of recognition.

John Roach's heavy brows contracted in a frown, and his eyes wandered from Angela to the gentleman standing near her, while their usually cold depths blazed with a sudden ferocious anger.

The young man's position had not warranted

the missionary in asking a place for him on the Governor's platform, and Roach would have found the morning rather solitary had he not by good fortune encountered an acquaintance among the subalterns of Fausbrook's regiment. He had been made welcome by the rest; a horse courteously placed at his disposal; and after dinner, the group had set forth to survey the field.

He looked back, after passing the trio stationed under the maple-trees; saw Angela listening with deep attention to some remark of Fausbrook's, and again a gust of passion darkened his features. Then his head drooped, and he fell into a reverie so deep that his companions addressed him several times before he aroused himself, replied laughingly to their jests upon his abstraction, and rushed abruptly into apparent high spirits.

As the cavalcade was passing the groups of Indian women, Okalona started out from among them, in pursuit of a little dog, which had escaped from its owner, and risked being trampled under the feet of the horses.

The youthful officers reined up, with simultaneous and involuntary expressions of admiration. She made a marvelous picture, as she stood there in her gayly-embroidered dress; her head ornamented with a crown of humming-birds; a score of the brilliant-winged tiny creatures dispersed among the shining braids of her hair; her beauty heightened by her holiday garb, and the interest and excitement of the day, into its highest splendor.

She caught up the dog, and stood with it in her arms, gazing with childish curiosity at the officers. Suddenly, she caught sight of John Roach, and a smile of mischievous recognition dimpled her beautiful mouth. Roach had never forgotten the thrill of amazement caused by his first glance at her in the missionary's dwelling, and more than once, during the journey through the forest, had endeavored to address her; but each time she had fled like a frightened deer.

He urged his horse close to where Okalona stood, and said to her, in her native dialect, of which, with his remarkable aptitude for languages, he had already acquired a tolerable knowledge:

"Okalona is so bright and beautiful to-day, that she quite puts out the sun."

The girl was so beside herself with high spirits, that long since her promise to Angela to be sedate and wise had faded from her mind, and she cried, with a gay laugh:

"If the white hunter meant his flowery words, he would offer Okalona his horse. She is tired —very tired."

"What is she saying—what is she saying?" demanded Roach's friend, while a fresh murmur of admiration passed from lip to lip among the other officers.

Okalona laughed again, half turned, ready to run away, and replied, in her wonderfully correct English:

"She says if the young hunter were polite, he would offer Okalona his horse."

"Quite right," they all exclaimed, laughing heartily.

"If you can mount, I will give you a ride," said Roach, holding out one hand as he spoke.

He did not dream that she could accomplish the feat; but quick as a flash, she dropped the dog, seized Roach's hand, put one foot on the stirrup, and sprang into the saddle behind him, amid a loud burst of merriment from the officers, which was echoed by the groups of squaws.

The unexpected spring and the eager shouts frightened the horse; he started off before Roach could gather up his reins, and dashed at full speed down the field. Okalona's scarlet blanket streamed out, each instant increasing his terror, while from every point spectators crowded forward to watch the odd spectacle.

Hearing the noise, Angela and Fausbrook hurried down the knoll, reaching the level just as the maddened steed swerved, and bounded directly towards them.

The Colonel had just time to push Angela back. He did it so quickly, that before he could catch her, she fell to the ground.

With one terrible shriek, Okalona, regardless of the peril she risked, sprang from the horse, which dashed on, and threw herself upon the turf beside Angela, crying in agony:

"I have killed her—oh, I have killed her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SILENCE.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Is there need for a touch of the hand?
Or the shadow of smiles in the sun?
Or the rain for the violet's eyes?
Or the life of a rose that's done?

Is there need for the meeting of lips?
Or the clasp that is stronger than woe?
Or even a word through the night?
Nay, love, but I know, I know.

MAUD'S TEMPTATION.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

Of the many fashionable boarding-schools in New York, where young ladies were "finished," Madame Trictrac's was the most renowned. The ormolu clock on the carved mantel has just chimed nine o'clock, and as this was the hour at which the young ladies were supposed to retire for the night, Madame calls to her principal assistant, intermitting, for a moment, her conversation with some guests; for this is her reception night.

"Mam'selle Napier," she says, in French, "it is your turn to see that the young ladies are in bed. I feel as if some mischief were on foot, and you, if anyone, will be sure to detect it."

Mam'selle smiles and disappears. She understood the system of espionage, and was Madame's right hand in this respect. "All quiet so far," quoth the lady, as she stole to the door of each room, and listened intently. "But I suspect mischief in that little witch of a Cuban's room—Theresa St. George. Ah," drawing her breath.

There was a sound of suppressed laughter, exclamations, and small shrieks of delight from within. Mam'selle listened a moment; then opened the door so quietly you could not hear the knob turn, and walked in.

Theresa St. George, the proprietress of the apartment, was seated upon the floor, the blue smoke of the cigarette in her mouth curling upward, as she nonchalantly smoked away, her eyes intent upon the cards she held in her hand; about her were grouped three or four others of Madame's pupils, similarly engaged, and beside them all was an impromptu table, improvised out of a washstand, on which was set forth a feast of forbidden dainties, such as plum-cake, pickles, and other edibles to which school-girls are particularly prone. Apart from this group, however, sitting up in the bed, was a girl somewhat younger, with great blue eyes, who seemed to regard these proceedings with amazement. This was Maud Hathaway, and it was her first night at school. She was the first to descry Mam'selle and give the alarm. The rest shrieked, and fled.

"I shall report you to the Madame," says Mam'selle, severely. "What an example to have set Miss Hathaway, who has just come to school!"

Theresa laughs recklessly, passes an arm over the teacher's shoulder, and rejoins:

"Now come, most excellent Napier, don't begin to preach. You know, when you were a school-girl, you used to do the very same thing yourself. As for Maud Hathaway, I shall take charge of her; you know she'll learn nothing but good from me. And by the bye, dear Napier, lest I should make myself sick, you will relieve me of a few of these goodies."

So Theresa, bidding Mam'selle "good-night," fills her hands with bon-bons and confectionery, slyly slips in a small bundle of her favorite cigarettes, and whispers:

"Don't tell any tales, my best Napier."

Mam'selle retires to her own room, has a quiet smoke, and the only result is that Miss Theresa St. George has a slight reproof, the next day.

Miss Theresa St. George was a privileged character. She was a Cuban, with eyes of purple-black, complexion of olive and carmine, and a mouth that was always wilful and always laughing. It was known to everyone in the school that she was an heiress. This was the room-mate that had been provided for Maud Hathaway.

And Maud was as pure as she was sweet. Rose-marine, the dew of the sea, was not purer than this simple creature, who had lived in a great city, knowing but little of what was at her very doorway. A tender mother had guarded her from her infancy, and taught her whatever she knew. But friends had told Mrs. Hathaway that she was "spoiling" Maud; that the girl would grow up "awkward and rustic"; and that she ought to be sent to Madame Trictrac's, to "finish" her education.

The next morning, the bell rang just at daylight, and life at boarding-school began for Maud. It seemed new and strange to her. But she made herself ready, combed out her hair, that floated around her face like sunbeams, then opened her Bible, whose blue book-mark, fringed with white, showed where she had left off reading, and began to turn over the leaves. Miss St. George, waking up, let fall her purple-black eyes upon Maud, and exclaimed:

"Well, *mon enfant*, what are you reading so early?"

"My Bible," answered Maud. "Don't you read it every morning?"

Miss St. George laughed recklessly.

"Not I. I never read anything but novels—exciting ones, you know. I'll lend you some."

Presently, Miss St. George, grumbling about the bell, and saying how absurd it was to wake people up so early, arose. Then, suddenly coming forward, she kissed Maud, saying:

"See here, little one. I don't know what I'm going to do with you. I'm afraid you'll be in my way. But I've taken a fancy to you."

Almost every day, under the guardianship of Mam'selle, the young ladies took an airing. This was intended for exercise; but Madame's young ladies were by far too wise to confine themselves to this healthful occupation. They improved the opportunity by sly flirtations in every possible direction. Mam'selle set the example. Was it for no purpose that her eyes were brilliant, her smile fascinating? Certainly not! And when Mam'selle had her admirers, was it at all likely that her youthful charges should be without theirs? Each young lady had one. Little notes found their way back and forth; anonymous presents came to hand in the most mysterious and unaccountable manner.

As for Maud, she began gradually to lose her sweet simplicity. No one had ever talked to her about her beauty; but now she heard of it on all sides. The school-girls praised her eyes and hair. Theresa told her she was "handsomer than any saint." Presently, Maud, as well as the rest, had a "lover," who followed her when they went out to walk, and who slipped notes into her little ermine muff: notes filled with high-flown praises and the most exaggerated expressions of devotion. Maud believed it all, and began to dream of this lover, and to think him the best and noblest of men; began to look often in the glass, to see if she were so very pretty.

Presently the holidays came, and Maud returned home. Mrs. Hathaway noticed a change, almost at once; subtle and almost imperceptible it is true, but nevertheless there. The dresses she had thought good enough until now must be discarded; the "girls" at school thought them so "very plain"; the golden hair must now submit to the tyranny of the crimping-pin.

"I almost hate to let Maud go back to Madame's," said Mrs. Hathaway, finally. "It is true she is more at ease, and speaks French better for being there; but somehow I miss the child-like grace and deference to those older, that she used to have."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hathaway, trying not to look disturbed, "let the child try it awhile longer; you know she must learn the ways of the world a little; and if there's any fear of her getting spoiled, we'll bring her home again."

So Maud went back to Madame's, but not without words of tender warning from her mother's lips.

"Maud, dear," Mrs. Hathaway said, "the New Year lies fresh and fair before you. Be noble, and brave, and true; let no duty remain undone; perform no action you would be ashamed your mother's eye should see."

Maud, with kisses and tears, promised; but even as she did so a heavy weight lay on her heart. What if her mother should know of the clandestine lover? Even as she thought, the blush mounted to her forehead; but she quieted her conscience by saying to herself:

"All the rest of the girls do so; why should not I? One can't be young forever."

So Maud went back to Madame's with her secret untold: with the web of deception still around her.

Miss St. George returned also, and more rampant than ever. She had been everywhere.

"No stupid books for her," she said; "the other girls could write her exercises, and she would pay them for it."

Miss St. George's eyes flashed like diamonds, as she thus spoke, and she laughed recklessly, as she recounted to Maud how many bouquets and hearts had been laid at her feet, how many admirers had sought her favor.

"One, two, three, a dozen, *mon enfant*," she said, pinching Maud's cheek. "But only one of them all pleases me; and perhaps I'll marry him. Who knows? But now, I suppose, you must go to study. What a bore!"

Maud went down; not to study, however, but to write a reply to a certain billet in her pocket: a billet written on rose-tinted paper, and filled with silly praises of her eyes and hair.

To signalize the opening of the New Year, Madame had expressed her intention of giving a grand entertainment. There were to be duets on the piano-forte, to exhibit the proficiency of the young ladies in music; there were to be tableaux to display their beauty; and dancing to disclose their grace and perfect finish.

Theresa, of course, would take a prominent part, for she could chatter French volubly, and dance with Andalusian grace.

Maud also was to appear. She was to be in the tableaux. "Fair Rosamond" and the "Sleeping Beauty" were to be her parts.

"Now, Maud, I have a secret to tell you," said Theresa, one evening, when they were alone at night. "And you are never to betray me."

"Oh, never!" said Maud, with school-girl eagerness.

"Well, then, listen to me. To-morrow night,

when Madame gives her splendid entertainment, Madame's pet pupil, Theresa St. George, will be absent—in fact she will be Miss St. George no longer."

"Oh, Theresa, are you really in earnest?"

"Yes, *mon enfant*, in earnest. Listen how romantic. There is to be a masquerade at the Academy of Music to-morrow night. *He* is to be there. I am going also." Maud started. "I shall know him by his dress and a ribbon I gave him to wear. After that, there is to be a wedding, and Theresa St. George is to be the bride. You'll see it in all the papers the next day. You must be my friend. Come with me to the mantua-maker's, for I want you to see if the dress is perfect."

"But Madame—"

"Oh, I'll manage. And remember, if you promise to keep faith with me, I'll get an invitation for your lover to come here to-morrow night. Besides that, you shall wear these pearls in the 'Sleeping Beauty.' See here, how lovely."

And Theresa, drawing forth chain upon chain of glimmering pearls, entwined them about Maud, until the latter looked like the princess in the fairy-tale she was to represent.

When Theresa went to seek Madame's permission to go out on business, Maud, clasping her hands, sat down on the bed, in her glimmering pearl array, and began to think what she was about. She was to be Theresa's friend, but then what an awful piece of deception was she called upon to assist in. Masquerades were Madame's horror; she reprobated them as "vulgar"; but worst of all, this clandestine wedding. Maud's brain whirled, as she thought of Miss St. George's reckless scheming. Where would it end?

Suddenly, these words of prayer came into her mind: "Deliver us from temptation." Plucking at the pearls, she said to herself: "Deliver us from temptation."

Just here, Theresa came back; and clapping her hands gleefully, said:

"Oh, I did it up splendidly. Told the neatest lie to Madame, about going to the dressmaker's to see that everything suited me for to-morrow night. And Madame complimented me, and felt sure I would do her credit. Oh, yes, I'll do her credit. I was none too good when I came here, perhaps, and Madame has taught me no better," went on Theresa, bitterly. "Yes, Madame's pet pupil shall do her credit to-morrow night."

Maud unwound the pearls, chain after chain, laid them down, and said with trembling voice: "Theresa, you must not depend upon me. I cannot do such a wicked thing. Not for your pearls, nor for all the jewels in Christendom; not even to see him whom I love so well."

But Theresa was not disheartened. She had a strong will and a persuasive tongue, and could fascinate like a serpent. In a moment her arms were about Maud, whose consent she took for granted. She put a bonnet and cloak on Maud, soothing her all the time, and brought her down, pale and shivering, to the hall below, where Mam'selle Napier was waiting, as usual, to accompany them.

Arrived at the mantua-maker's, Theresa tried on her dress, which was a wonderful fabric of floating clouds of tulle, silvered over with stars. There was a crown of stars for the hair, and a veil of lace and silver also.

How magnificent she looked, with her violet-black eyes flashing, her cheeks of carmine, and her whole air brilliant and triumphant at the thought of outwitting Madame and the rest.

Mam'selle well knew Miss St. George had no occasion for such a dress, and she suspected mischief at once. But would it be worth while to speak? Miss St. George was fabulously wealthy, and would pay well for silence.

"Now for some bon-bons and goodies," said the St. George.

Mam'selle, nothing loth, consented.

As for poor Maud, she had not a word to say; she was stunned, speechless. She began now to long for home. Her mother had told her to be "brave and true"; to perform no action she would be ashamed to have known; and yet was she not now secretly assisting in a plot of deception, if not worse? Maud began to hate herself.

Meantime, Mam'selle and Theresa chattered gayly. But Maud, scarcely knowing what she did, ate her ice, and wondered at Miss St. George, who could be so reckless and yet so brilliant.

When the repast was done, Theresa loaded Mam'selle with gifts in the shape of candied fruit, expensive confectionery, etc., all of which Mam'selle accepted eagerly.

Maud, shivering, declined to share these gifts, at which Mam'selle, in an undertone, called her a "little fool"; and then they came back to Madame's, Maud almost sick with contending emotions.

That night, while Miss St. George slept, Maud lay awake, and thought of the past few months. Memory held up her mirror, and showed how untrue she had been to her highest life, her noblest self. Was this modest, was it maidenly, this intriguing with strangers, these clandestine meetings? Would not her cheek crimson with shame were her father and mother to know all? And yet Miss St. George had besought her to be her friend. How should she dare betray her? She had only to keep silence, and all would be

well. Besides that, Theresa had promised that Maud's admirer should be there to see her in all her beauty to-morrow night, and Theresa would be as good as her word; for she had influence with Madame, and always gained her point. If he came, then Maud would tell him that she and he had been wrong, and if he really cared for her, they must know of it at home. Perhaps, after all, Theresa would not carry her plan into effect; would give it up at the last moment. She would plead with her in the morning to do so And with this thought in her mind Maud fell asleep.

The morning came, and Miss St. George awoke with her reckless laugh, and declared, mockingly:

"Well, Maud, this is my last day. Make much of me; for to-night I shall cease to be Miss St. George."

Then Maud began pleading.

"Oh, Theresa," she said, "give up this wild project."

But the other turned off these expostulations with a laugh.

"You know it is one of my jests, the masquerade and all," she said.

But Maud knew better. She would do what was right, come what would. Theresa might hate her, but no matter.

There was one of the teachers to whom the girls went in all their troubles: a kindly, middle-aged one, English by birth.

"I will tell her all, and ask her advice," said Maud to herself.

But Miss Benson, for that was the teacher's name, was here, there, everywhere; it was near the close of the school before Maud found her. The clear, honest eyes opened in wonderment at the tale Maud brought. The child did not spare herself, but tried to make the best of Theresa. With deep blushes of shame, she related the story of her own admirer, and told of the notes that had found their way into her ermine muff, and how she had replied to them.

"But I see, now, it was wrong, and I will do so no more," finished Maud, with quivering lips.

There was a solemn look upon the face of Miss Benson, as, laying a tender hand upon the golden head of the young girl, she said, softly:

"Deliver us from temptation. Thank God, Miss Hathaway, that you have had courage to speak the truth."

After that, she lost not a moment in seeking Madame's room, where she revealed the whole scheme of deception and intrigue.

Madame was appalled. "The reputation of her school was at stake," she cried. For the moral obliquity she cared, if truth must be told, very little; it was only the fear of what would be said that affected her, and the consequent loss of pupils. "Send for Miss St. George," said Madame.

But Miss St. George was not to be found. Only this slip of a note to the mistress of the finishing school:

"Madame Trictrac's pupil acquits herself, with credit, of Madame's teachings. It is of no use to look for her. She has learned too long of Madame not to be able to deceive well. Miss St. George was afraid her room-mate was not equally skilled, and so she bids you good-by a trifle sooner than she intended."

Madame was shocked, terrified; but in vain. Miss St. George was neither seen nor heard of until the next day, when the city read a full account of the elopement, in the newspapers, and laughed at the same most heartily.

Madame's entertainment was postponed indefinitely; school and parents were in an uproar.

"Take me home," wrote Maud, beseechingly; and Mr. Hathaway, with a sorrowful yet tender face, brought his daughter back to his fireside.

Miss Benson accompanied Maud home; for it was arranged that in future she would have the charge of the young girl's education. It is not well to mention fashionable "finishing schools" in Mr. Hathaway's hearing.

"I would as soon send a daughter of mine to a charnel-house as to such a place," he declares, with honest indignation.

The story I have told is not an idle one. It is well to know how our children, that will be wives, and daughters, and sisters for this great nation, are being educated. If you think I am "old-fashioned" in my ideas, ask those who know. Ask even the school-girls themselves; for if not already made callous, they will tell you that I do not exaggerate in the least. Too many "fashionable" boarding-schools are, alas, mere hot-beds of deception and frivolity.

You may ask about Miss St. George, probably. Her husband, who had represented himself to be an Austrian officer, turned out to be an adventurer, a professional gambler, who soon spent all of her fortune he could get possession of, personally maltreated her, and then left her to starve. Her friends found her, deserted and penniless, in a miserable tenement-house, in the most squalid quarter of New York.

Yet Madame Trictrac still flourishes, still has plenty of pupils, is still talked of as the best person to "finish off" young ladies. Alas! alas! and it is to such places that we send our daughters, at least too many of us.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of Scotch cheviot, or any other plaid woolen goods. The skirt has two deep kilt-plaited flounces, twelve inches deep. The upper one overlaps the under one an inch and a half. The overskirt is gathered in the middle, in front, to form the paniers, and



No. 1.

the back is draped in irregular puffs. Long loops of moiré silk or ribbon trim the back. The bodice is pointed in front, and square behind. Tiny cuffs, of moiré, to match the sash, are the only trimming upon the sleeves. Small bullet buttons are used for the bodice, very close. One dozen and a half will be required. Some dressmakers use two dozen. Twelve yards of double-fold material will be required.

No. 2—Is a pretty and simple model for a light cashmere, in evening colors: such as baby-blue, pale-pink, pearl-gray, or heliotrope. The skirt has nine narrow knife-plaited ruffles, edged



No. 2.

with a narrow lace of Valenciennes or torchon. The overskirt opens in front, and is looped in a full drapery at the back. A broad hem, edged with lace, is the only finish to the edge, unless a knife-plaited ruffle, like the skirt, should be preferred. The bodice is pointed in front, and square at the back; where it is trimmed by a

large bow of two loops and ends, of wide satin or Ottoman ribbon. Folds of the cashmere trim the waist and form the cuffs of the sleeves; but with this costume we would suggest that the



No. 3.

sleeves should be made demi-long, and trimmed with a plaited ruffle to match the skirt. Fourteen yards of cashmere will be required, and three dozen yards of lace edging.

No. 3—Is a costume for either the street or house. Our model is of Havana-brown cashmere, braided with soutache, which is a heavy silk or mohair braid. The foundation of the skirt may be of silk or alpaca. An old silk skirt makes a nice foundation on which to mount the deep-kilted flounces. The depth of the kilts must be determined by the height of the wearer. These flounces are embroidered in a simple arabesque design. The bodice is cut pointed in front, and the paniers are mounted upon the edge of the bodice. The back is all in one, like a polonaise, and the drapery is looped quite short and full. A band of the soutache embroidery trims the bodice, and is continued down the fronts of the paniers around to the back-breadth. Cuffs to correspond. Small bullet but-

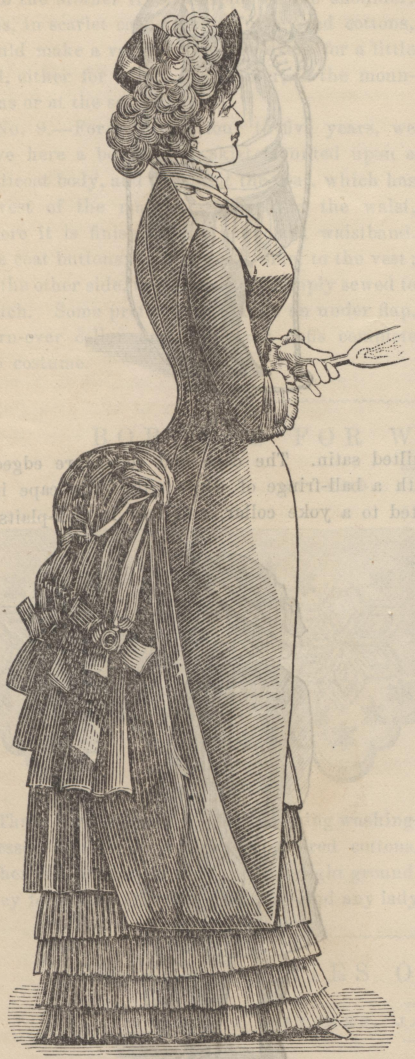


No. 4.

tons fasten the bodice. Twelve to fourteen yards of cashmere will be required. Bands of moiré silk, or velvet, may be substituted instead of the embroidery, if preferred, and the costume will

look well in lady's-cloth, simply stitched by machine.

No. 4—Is a house-costume, of moiré and satin. It may be either in black or colored silk. The skirt has two narrow plissé ruffles of satin, or satin de Lyon, on the edge. These are mounted on a foundation-skirt. The front and sides of overskirt, of moiré, are perfectly plain, and cut into squares at the bottom and bound with a fine piping of satin. These open over the



No. 5.

plissé ruffles. The bodice is pointed in front and polonaise in the back. The paniers are adjusted to the pointed fronts of the bodice by two or three rows of gathers. The back of the polonaise is elegantly draped over the tournure. Sleeves demi-long, or long, as may be preferred, and are trimmed with narrow plissé ruffles of the satin. One ruffle to fall over the arm, the



No. 6.

other to stand up, and the two separated by a band of the moiré. Ottoman silk over satin plissé, on the skirt, will also make a most desirable combination, either in black or any of the new dark shades of green, garnet, or terra-cotta. Four yards of satin, and fourteen to sixteen yards of moiré or Ottoman silk will be required. This model may also be carried out in black cashmere over velvet plissé ruffles.

No. 5.—Here we have something entirely novel in this model, for a costume of Ottoman silk combined with satin merveilleux or plain satin. The plissé flounces are of the satin, and mounted upon a foundation-skirt—three narrow ones, and then two wider ones above. Then the front and sides are finished up to the waist with the Ottoman silk. The polonaise is cut with the fronts long enough to fold back, and knot just below the waist at the back, and the scarf-like ends are tied with ribbon bows of satin, as seen in the design. This forms the drapery at the back. A deep box-plaited flounce extends from the sides

across the back, over the first wide plissé of the skirt. This helps form the back drapery, under the ends made by the looping of the fronts of the polonaise. This model is only suitable for a heavy material for the polonaise. The ends which turn back and form the drapery, must be lined with the same silk, or else with the satin. That is a matter of taste. Narrow cuffs, edged with a narrow plissé ruffle, trim the sleeves. Standing collar. Small round buttons of satin for the front of the bodice, five to six yards of



No. 7.

satin for the ruffles of the skirt, and eight to ten yards of Ottoman silk will be required.

No. 6.—For a little girl of five years, we have a stylish paletot of hussar-blue cloth, braided in soutache. The edge is cut out in tabs, as a battlement. Collar and sleeves are also braided. Cut out the garment, and mark off the tabs with a white basting-thread, before having the braiding design stamped, and braid the garment before it is put together. Any simple pattern looks better than a more elaborate one.

No. 7—Is a pretty little paletot, with a deep cape, for an infant of two to three years. It is of white cashmere or basket-flannel. The band above the hem, on the paletot, and the band which edges the cape, collar, and cuffs, are of



No. 8.

quilted satin. The cape and collar are edged with a ball-fringe of white silk. The cape is fitted to a yoke collar, and laid in box-plaits,



No. 9.

which form the fullness on the shoulders, back and front. The collar covers the yoke, and is of the same shape. The cape should be lined with

white silk, or with white flannel, and the paletot should have a quilted lining to make it warm.

No. 8.—For a little girl of four years, we have a dress of pale-blue cashmere, gathered at the neck as a Mother Hubbard. The fullness thus given is gathered again, forming the waistband. The skirt is then draped, as seen in the illustration, over a plaited flounce, which edges the underskirt. Full leg-of-mutton sleeves; but we would suggest, as far prettier, the plain sleeve, with the Mother Hubbard puff on the shoulder. This, in scarlet cashmere or Turkey-red cottons, would make a very serviceable dress for a little girl, either for winter or summer, in the mountains or at the seaside.

No. 9.—For a boy of four to five years, we have here a box-plaited skirt mounted upon a petticoat body, and over that the coat, which has a vest of the material, plaited to the waist, where it is finished with a knotted waistband. The coat buttons, on the right side, to the vest; on the other side, the buttons are simply sewed to match. Some prefer to button on an under flap. Turn-over collar and turn-back cuffs complete the costume.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars and Ulsters,	.25
" Fancy,	.35		

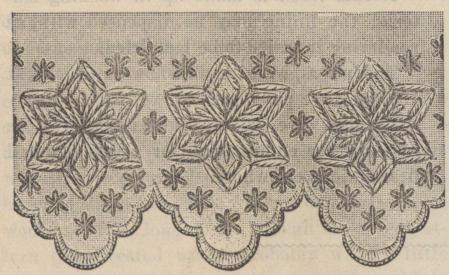
BOYS' PATTERNS.

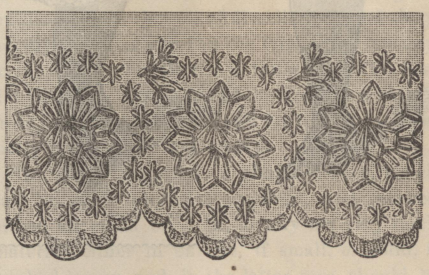
Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

BORDERS FOR WASHING-DRESSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These borders, intended for trimming washing-dresses, are to be worked in colored cottons, either red, or blue, or white, on any light ground. They form very effective trimming, and any lady can make enough during the winter as pick-up work to trim a summer's costume. Done in silk, on pongee, a very elegant trimming is made.

EMBROIDERIES ON "SUPPLEMENT."

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In addition to the diagrams for a "Girl's Frock," (full-size paper pattern,) given on the SUPPLEMENT which is folded in with this number, we give five different designs in embroidery, etc. One is in open-work embroidery on muslin; another is in silk embroidery for a table-cover or child's blanket; a third is a corner in silk or crewels, or it may be worked as a handkerchief corner; a fourth is for embroidery on silk or flannel; and the fifth is for embroidery in satin-stitch. These are all so arranged as not to interfere with the lines of the dress-pattern.

FROCK FOR GIRL OF EIGHT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for this month, the newest pattern for a young girl's frock: say a girl of about eight years old: though this will depend, of course, on the size, some girls being much larger at that age than others.

Folded in with the number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size patterns by which to cut out the frock. The patterns are five in number, viz:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT: UPPER.
No. 2.—HALF OF FRONT: UNDER.
No. 3.—HALF OF BACK: UPPER.
No. 4.—HALF OF BACK: UNDER.
No. 5.—HALF OF SLEEVE.

The under-front and under-back (the smaller pieces) represent the lining of the frock, and the over-front and over-back must be gathered to the same size as the linings. The illustration shows the position of the gatherings. The band or sash must be placed beneath the gathers, not above them. The sleeve is likewise gathered.

If this frock is made up in washing material, the lining may be dispensed with, as rendering it easier to be laundried.

The letters, we will add, show how the front and back are put together.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, various patterns for embroidery, for which are full descriptions elsewhere.

ART NEEDLEWORK: WITH DESIGNS.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

In the front of the number, we give several patterns in "Art Needlework," equally new and artistic with those given in our February number. There are, in all, six designs: an ivy pattern, a conventional daisy pattern, a pattern in chestnut leaves and burs, a peacock-feather pattern, a pattern in cobwebs and wild-roses, and a conventional pomegranate pattern: arranged, on the two pages, in the order in which we name them.

After chair-backs, or antimaccassars (as they were formerly called), borders of all kinds are, just now, the greatest favorites, as they can mostly be worked in the hand, though the broad ones, and those on rich material—such as plush, velvet, or satin—would all look better if worked in frames, as, indeed, the broad border of chestnut leaves (one of the patterns we give) ought to be. The scale on which it is drawn allows one inch to six; it is just two inches wide; therefore, this border, which is intended for a curtain, would be one foot in width. Place a

strip of thin tissue or tracing paper over this design, and on it rule lines exactly one inch apart, along and across it: then on the paper to which you desire to transfer the enlarged copy rule lines six inches square, (the narrow borders at each side should be about one and a half inches wide,) and into each of these six-inch squares draw exactly as much of the pattern as there is in the corresponding one-inch square of the small design. By these means, you will get a perfectly correct copy of it on a large scale, which you can then transfer in the usual way to the material.

Curtain-borders can either be worked in bands, to be afterwards put on the curtain, or at once on the curtain itself; but this last plan is so cumbrous, we do not advise it if you are using a design which can as well be worked on a band.

Appliqué is an easy and effective method of working curtain-borders in this style. For this you must choose materials and colors that contrast well with each other, such as silk sheeting and plush or velveteen. In this way, you would use silk sheeting to make your border; then cut the pattern out in plush or velveteen, and lay it on the border; sew it on carefully, and either edge it with a thick line of silk or crewel, or with a fine cord. A few stitches will then work up the inside markings of the flowers and veins of the leaves, if your pattern is not too complicated; and in the design we give, the chestnuts and cobwebs would have also to be added. The border, when worked, can then be put on to a cloth or serge curtain, and would look very well.

Otherwise, two different serges make a very effective appliqué, and, of course, at much less cost. In this case, you might cut out your pattern, and apply it straight on to the curtain; this would be a very good plan to adopt with any old curtains to make them look fresh again, and would not take long to do, though the serge pattern thus treated would probably want a little more working up than a richer material would do to make it look handsomer.

The conventional pomegranate pattern, which should be enlarged in the same way as the chestnut pattern, is also a broad curtain-border, but more conventional in design. It would be most effectively worked on the curtain itself, and dark-blue or green diagonal cloth or serge would be most suitable; it does not give so much scope for diversity of taste in style as the other. It is intended to be solidly worked in simple crewel-stitch, with different shades of green and red-brown, the stems and veins of the leaves being from brown to red, and the flowers and insides of the pomegranates showing the seeds would be of a brighter red. If you like, you can put in the brightest shade in silk; this always has a good effect, like the high light in a painting. If done in the hand, great care must be taken not to draw the threads so tight as to pucker the material in too great a degree to be set right in stretching. If this should be worked in bands, and placed on the curtain afterwards, the lines on each side must be put in; but if worked on the curtain itself, they may be better left out.

The peacock-feather pattern is intended to be enlarged to six inches wide, as a band for a small work or occasional table. For this it can be worked on almost any material, as long as it is not too thick to allow the fine lines of the feathers to show well. We have seen some most charmingly done on old-gold-colored Roman satin for such a table. To get the colors right for working, and also to make a life-like drawing of the feathers, you must first copy its gracefully-curled lines carefully, and then match its colors as nearly as possible in silk or crewel, and keep it by you whilst you work. Enlarged still more, it would make a border all around an afternoon tea-cloth on crash, and if the self-made fringe of this were enriched by having needlefuls of the various colored silks you have used in working the feathers rather freely put into it, the effect would be very pretty and harmonious.

This method of finish may also be used when bought fringe of plain crewel is put on to a cloth or border; but it need not then be so freely introduced, a few threads of filoselle here and there having the same effect in the fringe that putting in the lights with silk has in the work. This border can also be adapted to the dress or a child's frock, any size you like, and for the latter especially it would be very pretty.

The daisy pattern is a simple border, which can be made any size required, and worked either on crash or cloth, or any not very thick material, either in outline, if small, or solid, if worked larger, and, in the latter case, should be done in natural colors. As it stands now, it would only be sufficiently important for a child's frock, (in which case the frock might also have powderings of daisies scattered over it, two or three inches apart,) or some small article, such as a work-case or smoking-cap.

The pattern of conventionally-arranged ivy and berries may be treated in the same way as this last. It would look best with the berries worked solidly, whether the leaves be so or not; the upper division of the berries being dark-brown or black, and the lower blue or olive-green, while the stalks and veins of the leaves can be reddish-brown.

The pattern of cobwebs with wild-roses is

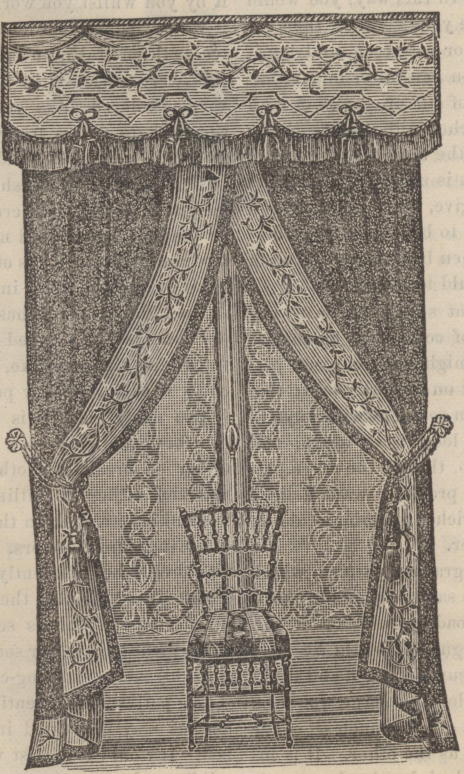
intended for an afternoon tea-cloth on crash, and, as such, should be enlarged to about half the size again, or even twice as large, and may be worked with two or three shades of the same color, with the flowers only in outline; or you may work the flowers solidly in natural colors, with the border line at each side in dark-green.

This we have given as an easy border for girls to make for themselves; other flowers, or even small sprays would do, if clear and decided in shape. Arrange your flowers or sprays at equal distances within the border lines in any way you prefer, and then draw in the cobwebs afterwards; the groundwork of cobwebs is designedly irregular, or it would not have so pleasant an effect. You must manage to have a centre for a web here and there, to bring all your lines to.

This border would also look well for other things, worked on dark satin; then the flowers could be solidly done in natural-colored silk, with the cobwebs in light-gray silk. Or, again, the border-lines and flowers might be worked in gold, and the webs in silver threads. Either would be very stylish.

WINDOW CURTAIN: WITH EMBROIDERED BORDER.

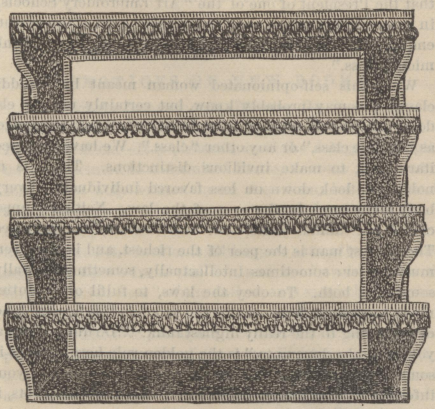
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This engraving shows how bands of embroidery can be tastefully utilized for a window to a young lady's sitting-room. The border and valance are appliqués of cretonne on pale-blue felt or cloth, various colors of silks being used to edge the flowers and leaves. The valance is scalloped and bordered with fringe, and a tassel is added between every scallop. The curtains are of reps of a darker shade of blue.

ETAGÈRE IN PLUSH.

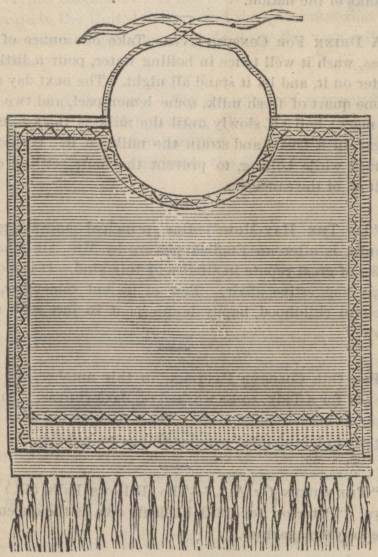
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Some shelves made after this design, and of any required size, not too large, and covered with plush, edged with fringe of chenille, of colors to correspond with the covering, will make a pretty etagère for holding bits of china. Little things of this kind ornament a room at a trifling expense.

BABY'S FEEDING-BIB.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This model for a baby's feeding-bib is to be made of white flannel, bordered with herringbone-stitch in white, red, or blue French working cotton. The fringe is also of the same cotton. Bibs should always be made of flannel, particularly when babes are cutting teeth; if made of cotton, the saliva constantly pouring from a baby's mouth saturates the bib, and chills the child—this is not the case with flannel bibs. If made of damask, for an older child, simply as an eating-bib, it might be made nearly to reach the termination of the dress.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

No "Middle Class" Here.—It is told by Mrs. Grundy that the President of one of the "Art Embroidery Schools," in a certain city which shall be nameless, said of the persons employed: "Oh, you know they are not ladies; they are only middle class."

What this self-opinionated woman meant by "middle class," she may probably know, but certainly nobody else does; for in this country there is no such thing recognized as "middle class," or any other "class." We have no hereditary rank to make invidious distinctions. There is no nobility to look down on less favored individuals. Everybody is the same in the eyes of the law. Neither "upper class," nor "middle class," nor "lower class," is recognized. The poorest man is the peer of the richest, and is often very much better: sometimes intellectually, sometimes morally, sometimes both. To obey the laws, to fulfil one's duties, never to wrong others: that is the proof, in this favored land, of belonging to the really highest rank. "Do unto others as you would be done unto," is the golden rule here; not, as in some other countries, "cringe before rank and oppress your inferiors." The honest day-laborer, who pays his debts, is infinitely "better class" than the millionaire who gets rich by watering railroad stock, "making corners," or engineering worthless bonds on a deluded public.

But to come back to the case in point. Even if judged by her own standard, most of the employees, whom this "fine lady" stigmatized as "middle class," were probably better than herself. We know for a fact that the workers in these "Art Schools" are generally persons in "reduced circumstances," as it is called. That is to say, they have once been comparatively well-off; have been used, more or less, to the luxuries of life; have gone to good schools; have lived in homes and mixed with people that were socially cultivated, yes, even elegant. A change in fortune has reduced them to the condition of "bread-winners." But would that make them "middle class," even supposing there was such a one in America? It certainly would not in England, where these distinctions maintain, as they maintain in all worn-out communities which still remain partly semi-feudal. In those lands, "once a lady always a lady," is the rule. Alas! if such a rule, which, of course, carries its converse, were enforced here, many a plutocrat of a woman, who now calls others "middle class," might find she was "middle class" herself.

But all these distinctions in this free republic are, as we said before, absurd: nay, offensive, even insolent. There are no "classes" in the United States. Nobody is, by birth or fortune, *per se*, better than another. There are distinctions, of course. But they depend not on whether one is rich and another poor; not whether one follows this avocation for a livelihood, or follows another; but whether one is honest or the reverse, cultivated or not, learned or ignorant, self-seeking or the reverse, courteous or boorish. These are the real distinctions. As you belong to one or the other, you belong to the "upper" or the "middle" class, if there are any such classes.

How To Transfer Patterns.—The directions given in the February number, for transferring the "D'Oyley Patterns," will answer for transferring any other pattern, or for transferring dress-patterns on the Supplement.

Steel And Wood Engravings.—An "old subscriber" asks us why no process of engraving has ever been invented, to rival the force, yet delicacy, of an engraving on steel. We answer, that a steel-engraving owes its superiority partly to the hardness of the steel, and partly to the manner in which it is printed. The hardness of steel allows of exquisitely fine lines, such as can never be produced in the coarser fibre of wood. The lines are cut into the metal, while in wood the lines are raised, as in the case of type. Of course, it is quite impossible, from such lines, to produce the fineness and delicacy that distinguish a steel-engraving.

The printing, too, is different. In printing from a steel-engraving, the plate is first covered all over with ink; then the surface is polished clean; the result being, that ink is left only in the lines that have been cut into the steel. A piece of paper is then laid on the plate, and both are then passed under the roller of a printing-press, especially adapted for this purpose. The result is an engraving such as is seen in this number: "In the Hay-Mow."

A wood-engraving, on the contrary, is printed on an ordinary printing-press. The latter will frequently throw off thousands of impressions in an hour. But it is a quick workman who can print three hundred impressions from a steel-plate in an hour. Sometimes, steel-engravings are transferred to a lithographic stone. In this way, thousands can be printed in an hour, at comparatively small expense. But the delicacy of the engraving is entirely lost in this process.

"Thanks Of The Nation."—A subscriber writes: "I consider 'Peterson' worth twice the price you ask. Living in the country, as we do, the Supplement patterns are invaluable. They are worth the price of the magazine. I think the builder up of such a book as 'Peterson' is a public benefactor. Your influence can never die. It has done much to refine the present generation. You deserve the thanks of the nation."

A Drink For Consumptives.—Take one ounce of Irish moss, wash it well twice in boiling water, pour a little cold water on it, and let it stand all night. The next day add to it one quart of fresh milk, some lemon-peel, and two blades of mace; boil all slowly until the milk is thick; put loaf-sugar in a basin, and strain the milk on it. It should be stirred while boiling, to prevent the moss settling on the bottom of the saucepan.

"In The Hay-Mow."—Our principal engraving, this month, is after an English picture by Mrs. Allingham, an artist of great repute in studies of this kind. It is a charmingly suggestive affair. Few of us but remember, away back in childhood, happy hours spent in just such a hay-mow.

For Our Colored Pattern, in this number, we give a design for a Tidy, to be worked on Java canvas. This is in reply to numerous requests. These designs for Java canvas appear to be the most popular things we publish.

"The Queen Of All."—The Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times says: "Peterson for 1883 holds its own as the queen of all the lady's magazines."

OUR UNRIVALED PREMIUMS FOR 1883.—Our premiums for getting up clubs for this year are unusually fine. One is the steel-engraving, (27 inches by 20,) "Christ Before Pilate," *the most wonderful picture of the century*, as is everywhere admitted. The enterprise of "Peterson," in engraving this magnificent work of art, at a cost that would stagger ordinary publishers, is conceded, on all hands, to be beyond precedent. *Every family in the land ought to have a copy of this superb engraving.*

But as there are some persons who already have their walls covered with engravings, or may prefer something else, we offer, *in place* of the "Christ Before Pilate," either our Illustrated Quarto Album, a very beautiful ornament for the centre-table, or a handsome Photograph Album. In all such cases, however, say which Album is preferred.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, a copy of the engraving or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. But see the offers on second page of cover.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1883. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year we receive letters saying: "If I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

WE INSERT ADVERTISEMENTS, in a few extra pages at the end of each number, because it is a great convenience, especially to persons living in remote rural districts, to know where to buy articles they want, and get them by mail. *But we assume no further responsibility.* We give the advertiser a chance to speak of his wares, but the public must determine for itself whether he over-states his case, or not. We do not guarantee advertisements. No magazine, or newspaper does, or can.

BACK NUMBERS of this magazine can always be had by addressing the publisher. Sometimes, when local agents run out of their supply, they say that even the current number is not in print. But by remitting eighteen cents to us, you can always be supplied with it, or any other.

"THE HOUSEHOLD FAVORITE."—The Lisle (N. Y.) Gleaner says of this magazine: "It has been the household favorite for years in the United States; and the post-office that does not receive a copy must be indeed in the very wilds of America."

MILK AS A CLEANSER.—Try the effect of a teacupful of milk in your pan of hot water, when you are washing up the dishes. It will soften hard water, and prevent the hands from chapping, besides giving to the dishes a brilliant polish after wiping.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, as we have often said before, to comply with all the requests we receive for patterns, etc., etc. We give, however, as many as we have room for, selecting those for which there seems the greatest demand.

CURE YOUR COUGH.—Warm two lemons in the oven, put the juice with four ounces of the best honey, two spoonfuls of Florence oil. Mix; take a spoonful when the cough threatens. Excellent in asthma and bronchitis.

CONTRIBUTORS MUST KEEP copies of their articles, if they wish them preserved. We do not undertake to return MSS. that we cannot use.

ANY OTHER ONE OF OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS will be sent, in place of "Christ Before Pilate," if preferred.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year.* And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning premiums.

"A MARVEL OF BEAUTY."—This is what the Brookville (Pa.) Democrat calls this magazine, adding: "We can scarcely see how any lady can keep house without it; its fashion-plates and household receipts render it indispensable."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Colonel's Daughter: Or, Winning His Spurs. By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—It is pleasant, amid the deluge of English novels reprinted in the United States, to come upon a story that is not only written by an American, but also has its action entirely in this country. "The Colonel's Daughter," in other respects also, is a noteworthy fiction. It is full of incident, and the incidents all happen naturally. The characters are drawn from real life, and not "evolved from the inner consciousness" of the author, as is so much the fashion just now. Most of the scenes transpire at an army post in Arizona. The love passages are told with delicacy, often with pathos. The character of the hero, Lieutenant Truscott, is a very noble one: chivalrous, high-minded, brave, self-sacrificing, the type of the real gentleman. The author has dedicated his very brilliant novel to Mrs. J. B. Ricketts, the wife, we believe, of General Ricketts.

Mr. Isaacs. By F. Marian Crawford. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Macmillan & Co.*—This is a remarkable book, though it can hardly be called a remarkable novel, for the story is the weakest part of it, and a novel without a story is only a make-believe. In "Mr. Isaacs" there is hardly any story at all. The scene is laid in the East Indies, principally at Simla, in the Himalayas, and the hero of the tale is a Persian of the purest Iran blood. There are some good descriptive passages in the book, especially that of a tiger-hunt; but the best parts are quite of another kind, and on a higher level. There may seem to be, to some readers, a little too much of transcendentalism in the conclusion. Nevertheless it is a noble one; and even those who might have wished it otherwise will realize this, after all.

Portia. By the Author of "Molly Bawn," etc., etc. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.* It would be impossible for the author of "Molly Bawn" to write a dull story. But we think she succeeds best in gay and sparkling tales like that, than in one like this, over which the shadow of doom hangs from the first. Still, even in "Portia," there are some of the characters that brighten it up, especially that of Dulce, and in another way that of Dicky Browne. Nevertheless, in all second-rate novels, the troubles of the actors are out of all proportion to the circumstances. The lovers go into agonies of grief, they break off engagements, when a word or two, that any persons of sense would speak, would set all right. It was not in this way that Thackeray, or George Eliot, or even Trollope, made a reputation.

The Duchesse Undine. By Hanson Penn Diltz. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Though a vein of tragedy runs through this book, yet the ending, at least for the principal characters, is a happy one. Perhaps this is, on the whole, the best for a novel; for while the readers seek in it for incident, even for passion sometimes, no one cares to have the conclusion sorrowful. The scene in this story opens on the coast of Florida; afterwards is transferred to Europe; and finally comes back to America again. The tale is full of romance, and is just such a story as the young, especially if imaginative, will like to read.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"GREATEST VARIETY FOR LEAST MONEY."—A lady, sending a club for 1883, says: "These ladies took, last year, a different magazine; but when they compared yours with it, they saw the difference, and so would not take it this year. 'We like Peterson's the best,' they said. For myself, I could not do without it. There is a party here that tried to tempt me away by illusive promises I told them I could not listen to them, for Peterson gave the greatest variety, and of the best kind, for less money; and I have convinced them, by showing my book, that this was so. They said they thought they were taking a magazine that could not be beat; but when I showed them 'Peterson,' they said they had been mistaken. I have the promise of a great many more. You will soon hear from me, therefore, again." And hundreds write in the same strain.

THE SHAM AND THE REAL.—Every good thing has its host of imitators; every genuine article its counterfeits. Bad manners and wicked habits have theirs also; but he who shams the bad never boasts of it, while they who ape the virtues of the good or simulate the genuine never hesitate to place the counterfeit before the public in their most alluring tones. When these people imitate, they always choose a pronounced type or popular subject to copy from; and when they claim to be as good as "So-and-So," or to sell an article equal to "So-and-So," the public may depend upon it that Mr. "So-and-So" and his article are always the best of the kind. Thus the sham is always proving the genuine merit of the thing it copies

A firm of enterprising gentlemen produce and popularize an article of household use, such as the Royal Baking Powder, whose convenience, usefulness, and real merit make for itself an immense and universal sale. A hundred imitators arise on every hand, and as they hold out their sham articles to the public, yelp in chorus: "Buy this; it's just as good as Royal, and much cheaper!" The Royal Baking Powder is the standard the world over, and its imitators in their cry that theirs is "as good as Royal," are all the time emphasizing this fact. In their laborious attempts to show by analysis and otherwise that the "Snowball" brand has as much raising power "as the Royal," or that the "Resurrection" powder is as wholesome "as Royal," or that the "Earthquake" brand is "as pure as the Royal," as well as by their contortive twistings of chemical certificates and labored efforts to obtain recognition from the Government chemists and prominent scientists who have certified the superiority of Royal over all others, they all admit the "Royal" to be the acme of perfection, which it is their highest ambition to imitate. But the difference between the real and these imitations, which copy only its general appearance, is as wide as that between the paste and the true diamond. The shams all pay homage to the "Royal!"

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in inebriety. Doctor C. S. Ellis, Wabash, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had used intoxicants to excess for fifteen years. He thinks it of much benefit to him."

SUDDEN CHANGES of the weather often cause pulmonary, bronchial, and asthmatic troubles. Brown's Bronchial Troches will allay the irritation which induces coughing. Sold only in boxes. Price twenty-five cents.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is admitted to be the best preparation of the day for laundry purposes. It does away with the old laborious scrubbing, and cleanses fabrics without injury. Sold by all grocers.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. III.—HOLLY—HORSE-TAIL—HYDRANGEA, ETC.

THE HOLLY—*Ilex opaca*—is a beautiful evergreen tree, found in woods from Massachusetts to Louisiana. Leaves alternate, thick, smooth, oval, spinescent at the apex, and with remote repand spinescent teeth; calyx four-toothed, persistent; flowers small, white, lateral, single or clustered; petals four; drupe red, ovoid, with four bony nutlets, five-ribbed on the convex back.

The leaves of the holly have long enjoyed a high reputation as a substitute for the Peruvian bark and quinine. In intermittent fevers it has been much lauded, given in drachm doses of the powdered leaves, half hour before the expected chill; or half an ounce of the leaves boiled in eight ounces of water to half the quantity, constitutes one dose, to be taken daily two hours before the expected paroxysm, till the disease yields.

The juice of the leaves, long ago, was esteemed a remedy for jaundice. The settlers in the pines, and other remote places from drug stores or physicians, should make a note of this, as the tree is found in all parts of the country, through the use of which they might often relieve themselves. The active principle, ilecine, gives better results.

HOLLYHOCK—*Althea rosea*. To name this old garden flowering plant is sufficient. It is of the malvaceous (mallow) family, and its roots, like those of the whole sisterhood, are mucilaginous, and can be used to soothe irritations or inflammations.

HORSE-TAIL—*Equisetum hyemale*—Scouring-rush. Plants leafless; stems simple, hollow, erect, about two feet, sulcate, jointed, fistular between, separable at the joints. Sheaths slightly dentate, crowning each internode. The sheaths are short, one-quarter of an inch, ashy-white, but black at base and summit. A very marked, peculiar, and conspicuous stem-plant in wet places, along river-shores, etc. The name, scouring-rush, is derived from its use by families, where it grows, in scouring, for which it is well adapted by the silicious character of its stems. In medicine, it is reputed diuretic, and used in dropsical diseases and those of the urinary organs. The homeopaths also use it in infinitesimal doses in the latter troubles. It certainly possesses the merit of being perfectly safe when so used.

HYDRANGEA—*Hydrangea arborescens*—Seven-barks. An indigenous shrub, with opposite simple leaves; corolla valvate in the bud, flowers white-red, cymous, radiate. Growing four to six feet high in woods, shady places, and along streams, southward. The root is used to some extent in medicine. Doctor Butler, a missionary among the Cherokee Indians, employed the roots with great advantage, apparently, in calculous affections, in gravelly deposits in the urine, and it still retains considerable reputation in such complaints. Our leading druggists and chemists make a fluid extract, which is now generally used, and is most convenient also for those who are afflicted to try.

HONEYSUCKLE—*Lonicera Japonica* and *L. Caprifolium*. Ornaments of our gardens, lawns, and piazzas. A syrup prepared from the sweet-scented flowers has been used with benefit in some cases of asthma. The expressed juice of the leaves is used to relieve the pain and inflammation of bee-stings.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 188.—Word-Square.

1. Spirits. 2. One who prays. 3. To annul. 4. A body of floating ice. 5. A native of Tarsus. 6. To put in slavery. 7. Lined with brick.

Philadelphia, Pa. Alec Sander.

No. 189.—Enigma.

The first is in bird, but not in blossom.
The second is in blossom, but not in bird.
The third is in blurred, but not in stained.
The fourth is in stained, but not in blurred.
The fifth is in seen, but not in heard.
The whole will name a singing bird.

Eastport, Me. Burdock.

No. 190.—Rhomboid.

Across.—1. A savory jelly. 2. A small dish. 3. Narration. 4. A seal. 5. Plain Indian muslins. 6. A lord.

Down.—1. A consonant. 2. A pronoun. 3. A stripling. 4. Pestilence. 5. Sudden. 6. A marine deity. 7. To wash. 8. The younger. 9. To touch gently. 10. In like manner. 11. A consonant.

St. Joseph, Mo. Wild Rose.

Answers Next Month.

Answers to Puzzles in the February Number.

No. 185.

Walter Scott.

No. 186.

Bookworm.

No. 187.

1. Ash. 3. Pear.
2. Elm. 4. Oak.
5. Pine.

HINTS FOR FLOWER GARDENING.

March may be termed planting and sowing month. Evergreens cannot be moved at a better period. Deciduous flowering shrubs, such as lose their leaves in winter, may be removed or planted—syringas, roses, honeysuckles, mezereons, laburnums, lilacs, jasmines (yellow and white), Guelder roses, double cherry, double almond, kalmias, rhododendrons, and azaleas.

Hardy Annuals should be sown—candy-tuft, white and purple larkspurs and delphiniums, lupins of various colors, sunflowers of the large kind, poppies of all descriptions, tropœolums and nasturtiums, the scabious, sweet peas, dwarf lychnis, lunaria or moonwort, termed in country places "Honesty" and "Venus's Looking-Glass," the prettiest of all hardy flowers, as its seeds, enclosed in a white, shining oval case, and firmly fixed on its stem, is a pretty decoration for winter bouquets; the sweet-scented rocket, heart's-ease or pansies (the *pensees* of the French), winter cherry, Virginian stock borders, the annual antirrhinum or snap-dragon, marigolds, and French marigolds, and the common or wild marigold, mignonette, ten-week stocks of all colors, the tobacco plant, the eschscholtzia or Californian marigold, nemophillas and lobelia, the campanula or "Blue Bells of Scotland" (blue and white), the crimson and pink dianthus, the canariensis, the tall, lovely œnothera, which opens its yellow flowers as the sun goes down, and many others.

Hardy annuals which have sown their own seeds bloom earlier than seed sown in March or April. Self-sown seeds are independent, sturdy, and self-sustaining, but will not bear transplanting any more than those which are not self-sown. Thin the young plants, but do not transplant them. All hardy annuals should be sown the middle or latter end of March, or at the latest in April—this according to the mildness or severity of the season. Each kind to be sown in a different patch, in properly prepared earth, light and friable—that is, well dug, and with liberal allowance of leaf-mold and a third part of sand.

For the Manner of Sowing Fine Seed.—Scratch a little of the earth off the top to one side, then sprinkle in the seed, not too thickly—half an inch is sufficiently deep for small seed—now cover it lightly with the earth that was taken from the top, but avoid covering it too deeply. The larger kinds, as mallows, lupins, and sunflowers, and other flowers of a similar nature, should have only three seeds sown in a patch, and be not more than one inch in depth in the earth.

When the plants are two inches high, thin out the weakest, but do *not* transplant them.

Sweet peas should be sown early in March, and round and upon them strewed a circle of sharp sand, to keep off worms and insects. If peas, beans, and seeds are plunged for half an hour in cold water, the imperfect will float and the good sink.

In the early part of March, transplant biennials (two-year-old plants)—sweet-williams, wall-flowers, columbines, rose campions, everlasting sunflowers, fox-gloves.

Plant out layered carnations of last year into places where they are to remain.

Pansy Beds or Borders of Pansies.—Select plants with five or six branches to each, and peg them into the ground at equal distances, leaving about two inches of the top part of the branch above the ground. Sow pansy seed for next year, polyanthus seed also.

Roses.—Cut back the shoots of moss and Provence roses to three or four buds. Hybrid perpetuals—but not China roses—and other hybrids, that is, roses budded on other roses, raised from two different kinds, the strong shoots of these to be cut within six or eight buds from the bottom, removing all the small sprays and cross branches and spurs which last season produced blossom, leaving the shoots at regular distances, and cut close to a bud.

Hybrid China roses will not bear the knife, for if pruned as other hybrids, they will scarcely put forth a flower. The shoots should be left nearly their full length, merely cutting the tips and thinning other shoots. In pruning, cut close to the bud.

Sweet-briars and Austrian-briars to be pruned in a similar manner. The sweet-briar blossom is a lovely pink color; the Austrian is red or yellow inside the petals, and the reverse on the outside.

To have a succession of flowers on the briars and roses, it is only necessary to leave some of the trees and bushes unpruned till April.

Commence pruning and nailing roses and climbers against walls.

Any hardy roses may be transplanted, and these will bloom late in the year.

Plant out biennials sown last year.

Prepare ground in a warm corner for sowing ten-week stocks; if the weather be mild, these may be sown now.

Roll lawn and grass walks. Now is a good time, not later, to plant box and cerastium edgings.

The borders in shrubberies and flower-beds must be thoroughly forked, and in shrubberies, manure placed deep, without touching the roots. The flower-beds to have only leaf-manure, and very careful forking.

Rockeries should now be made or repaired with saxifrage, sedums (formerly known as house-leek, or rather house-lichens)—a great variety of these are to be had cheap: the

alyssum, white, yellow, and purple, Iberis sempivirens, or perpetual candy-tuft, and many creeping plants.

Violets of all kinds, including the Neapolitan, the sweetest of all, should be planted in the same way as pansies; but if frosty weather, shelter with evergreen boughs placed over them, and by the end of September splendid plants will be made, which will blossom early. Double violets, blue and white, are the hardiest.

Violets should be planted facing the west; the soil should be leaf-mold, sand, and light loamy soil. The runners to be raised with a fork, the most compact and youngest selected, and planted eight inches apart every way.

SUMMER ROSES.

Roses to Bloom in June.—What we have said in another place about lawns, we repeat here about summer roses. It is better to know too early than too late, and therefore we anticipate the season. What we have to say here is about summer roses, especially those that bloom in June.

Now, as every lady knows, there is a large family of plants that belong especially to the month of June, that bloom only in that month, and are essentially called annuals. This class includes a great variety of beautiful roses, many of which have become almost extinct since the general introduction of hybrids, perpetuals, teas, and standards, so largely propagated by the florists, and so generously planted year after year by the owners of handsome gardens. The China, the cabbage, the damask, the noisettes, the sweetbrier, whose delicious perfume after a summer shower is something to be long remembered, the delicate eglantine, the dark-crimson velvet, the variegated or calico rose, the hundred-leaf or Burgundy, the single yellow roses, the Baltimore belle, the Queen of the Prairies, Madame Plantier, the gravilla or seven sisters, the crown, the maiden's blush, and many other exquisite varieties might be enumerated. That these are only June bloomers has served to decrease their popularity to some extent; indeed, they are now seldom seen in the old, and scarcely ever in the new gardens, and yet the wonderful luxuriance of the June bloom by them produced, renders them highly desirable where room enough is afforded for their growth and culture.

The spirea, the shrubs, the wigelia-rosa, the golden-elder, the peonies, the snow-balls, syringa, mock-orange, Philadelphus, the white fringe, the horse-chestnut, the honeysuckles, the mist-tree, many of the finest varieties of the clematis, the iris or flag, with royal purple, white, bronzed, and variegated flowers of the most delicate hues, and the bright yellow harvest, and the pure white candidum, sometimes called the annunciation lily, all come with the myriads of flowers that welcome June in cultivated inclosures.

It would be well to keep this catalogue on hand, and have it ready, when you want your early summer roses to plant out, which, after all, will be very soon. In our February number, there were advertisements from a large number of florists, any one of whom would supply you, at a fair price. To them we refer.

LAWN GARDENING.

A Well-Kept Lawn.—It is of course too early in the year for your lawn to be green with grass. In many parts of the United States, indeed, the snow is still on the ground. But it is always best to know too soon, rather than too late, what to do to have a handsome lawn. No matter whether your bit of grass is only a few feet square, or covers whole acres, it ought to be kept in good condition. Nothing, not even flowers, adds so much to a dwelling as a well-kept lawn.

In the first place, then, unless your grass-plot is exceedingly small, you will find it economical to have a lawn-mower. But its use should not be governed by any rule, such as "mow once a week," but by the condition of the grass. In midsummer more injury may result from mowing too frequently than from cutting too seldom. Last summer, for example, was an especially dry one, in most parts of the United States, and many lawns were injured by having the grass cut too frequently.

The next point is the weeds in the lawn. Weeds here, as elsewhere, are annual and perennial, and they may be undesirable grasses or other kinds of plants. Take the perennial weeds, for example; these come from seeds brought on in manure, or taken there otherwise. These are cut back each time the mower is used, and hardly, if at all, noticed in the spring months. In midsummer, when we mow less frequently, to give the grass a chance, these weeds, which we have been unintentionally pruning in the early months, are quite ready to assert themselves. Plantains, docks, thistles, and others not before noticed, will, in the short rest we give to the grass, make themselves conspicuous. The best treatment for such perennial weeds, even on a large lawn, is hand weeding. A long knife or a chisel-shaped "spud," thrust well down to cut the root, will allow the plant to be pulled up without disturbing the grass. In England, they have a contrivance for killing such plants, which places a few drops of oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) on the centre of each. We have not had occasion to try this; but those who make the experiment should keep in mind the destructive effect of the acid upon the clothing, and the fact that it should not come in contact with the fingers, etc. Annual weeds, as a general thing, are of but little consequence after the first year, as the frequent mowing subdues them. One of the worst of these is a grass, the "crab-grass" (*Panicum sanguinale.*) It appears late, and its prostrate stems lie close to the ground, taking root at every joint. This is also known as "finger-grass," and bears its flowers and seeds in a panicle that looks like the frame of an umbrella. Whenever the flowers of this appear, the lawn should be mowed, to prevent the ripening of seeds, and it will be safe to rake off the mowings, lest the immature seed ripens after the grass is cut.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Stewed Mutton-Chops.—Trim away nearly all the fat from a thick chop, taken from the middle of the loin; place it in a small brown earthenware stewing-pot; add a large pinch of salt, a small one of pepper, and a finely-minced onion. If this last be objected to, it can be omitted. Cover the chop with water, put on the lid of the pot, set it in a saucepan of water, and let it boil gently for an hour and a half, until perfectly tender. When done, drain away the gravy from the chop, put it in a basin, which set in another containing cold water, in order that the fat may rise quickly. Having carefully removed every particle of grease from the gravy, boil it in a stewpan, and thicken it with a teaspoonful of flour mixed in cold water until smooth. Put the gravy into the stewing-pot with the chop; let them simmer gently for ten minutes, and serve.

"*Toad in the Hole*" *from Cold Meat.*—Take some rather thick slices of cold underdone beef, seasoning with salt and pepper. Make a batter by beating the whites and yolks separately of four eggs. To a pint of milk add the yolks of the eggs, and enough flour to make a batter. Lastly put in

a little salt, and stir in gradually the whites of the eggs. Pour the batter into a deep baking-dish, and lay the meat on the top. Set it in the oven, and bake it a nice brown.

Nice Patties from Underdone Beef.—Cut the beef into small pieces; season with pepper, salt, and a little chopped onion; make a plain paste, and roll it out thin; fill it with meat, and bake it a light-brown.

VEGETABLES.

Buttered Parsnips.—Boil tender and scrape; slice a quarter of an inch thick lengthwise; put into a saucepan with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, pepper and salt, and a little chopped parsley; shake over the fire until the mixture boils; lay the parsnips in order upon a dish; pour the same over them, and garnish with parsley. It is a pleasant addition to this dish to stir a few spoonfuls of cream into the same after the parsnips are taken out. Boil up and pour it upon them.

Hominy.—Put some water on the fire, and when it boils add a little salt; drop in gradually the hominy, and boil fifteen to twenty minutes, stirring well all the time with a wooden spoon; serve with milk or cream. If preferred, it may be boiled in milk in the same way. It also makes excellent puddings cooked in the same way as rice or tapioca; but it should be well soaked before cooking; it may also be made into shapes, and served with jam or custard.

Fried Potatoes.—Peel a raw potato as apples are peeled; let the parings be as near as possible the same thickness, and let them be as long as possible. Dry them thoroughly in a cloth, put them in the frying-basket, and plunge it in boiling hot lard. When the chips are a golden color, drain them well in front of the fire, sprinkle fine salt over them, and serve.

How to Prepare Vegetables.—These should never be washed until immediately before being prepared for the table. Lettuce is made almost worthless in flavor by dipping it in water some hours before it is served. Potatoes suffer greatly through the washing process. They should not be put in water till just ready for boiling.

DESSERTS.

Velvet Pudding.—Five eggs beaten separately, one teacupful of white sugar, four tablespoonfuls of corn-flour, dissolved in a little cold milk, and added to the yolks and sugar. Boil three pints of sweet milk, and pour into it the yolks and sugar while boiling. Remove from the fire when it has become quite thick. Flavor with vanilla, and pour into a baking-dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with half a teacupful of white sugar; then pour it over the top of the pudding, and return it to the stove until it is slightly browned. Eat with sweet sauce. It is delicious.

Arrowroot Pudding.—From a quart of new milk take a small teacupful, and mix it with two large spoonfuls of arrowroot. Boil the remainder of the milk, and stir it amongst the arrowroot; add, when nearly cold, four well-beaten eggs, with two ounces of pounded loaf-sugar, and the same of fresh butter broken into small pieces; season with grated nutmeg. Mix it well together, and bake in a buttered dish fifteen or twenty minutes.

Tapioca Pudding.—Cover a cup of tapioca with water for several hours; add the yolks of three eggs, a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a quart of milk; mix well together, and bake in a quick oven half an hour; then lay the whites of the eggs, beaten to a froth, on the top; to be eaten cold, with flavored cream.

Spanish Cream.—One ounce of gelatine, three pints of milk, six eggs, eight tablespoonfuls of sugar; cook the gelatine one hour in the milk; then, when it comes to a boil, beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar, and stir in; let it simmer; then take off the fire, and pour over it the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

CAKES.

Seed Loaf.—Mix together four ounces of ground rice, six ounces of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds. Beat four ounces of butter to a cream; add six ounces of loaf-sugar crushed, three eggs well beaten, and half a gill of cream or milk. Beat the butter, sugar, eggs, and cream for fifteen minutes; stir in the flour, seeds, etc., as quickly as possible, and pour into a cake-tin. Bake an hour in a moderate oven.

Breakfast Cakes.—Take three pounds of flour; mix with it as much warm water as will form a very thick batter, and yeast enough to make it rise. This should be done over night. In the morning, stir into the batter an ounce of melted butter, and add a little flour so as to form a very soft dough; make it out into small rolls, taking care to handle it as little as possible. Let it stand till light, and bake in a rather quick oven.

Tea Biscuit.—Into three pounds of flour, rub a quarter of a pound of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a little salt; dissolve one spoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a little milk. Stir this into the flour and butter, add the soda, then a little milk, so as to form a rather soft dough. Roll it out in sheets about half an inch thick; cut into cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

Soft Gingerbread.—Mix one pound of flour and a tablespoonful of ground ginger; rub in four ounces of butter; beat up two eggs in half a pound of golden syrup, and stir into the flour. Make into a soft paste, and bake in a square shallow tin, in a moderate oven, being careful not to scorch it.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SOFT WOOLEN PLAID. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two deep side-plaited flounces. The skirt is caught at the bottom, and falls loosely above the upper flounce. The drapery at the back comes from the opening in the jacket, and is caught at the bottom, to correspond with the skirt. The jacket, of the same material as the dress, has a deep rolling collar, is double-breasted, and is cut away at the bottom, in front. Straw bonnet, trimmed with pink poppies and poppy-colored surah. The cravat, bow at the back of the dress, and parasol, are all of poppy-colored surah.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF MIGNONETTE-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is trimmed with two side-plaited flounces, the lower one being the narrower. The tunic, which falls over the upper flounce, is cut in deep points, which are trimmed with very narrow fringe. The rounded paniers are trimmed with the same kind of fringe, but a little wider. The drapery at the back is much puffed, and forms a large tournure. The high cuirass-shaped basque has a collar of velvet, and the cuffs are of velvet.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLUE SURAH. The skirt is laid in lengthwise plaits, with a narrow plaited ruffle at the bottom. A straight breadth of the surah is much puffed, and forms the drapery at the back. The long jacket opens at the back, to admit of the drapery of the skirt, is cut away at the sides, and has a very deep vest of old-gold-colored satin. The collar, trimmings on the sleeves, and parasol, are of old-gold color. Bonnet of Tuscan straw, trimmed with blue corn-flowers and daisies.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CASHMERE, SPOTTED WITH RED. The bottom of the skirt has a narrow knife-plaiting of cardinal-red surah, the color of the spots on the dress. The skirt has a fan-shaped plaiting down the front of the dress, and a narrow plaiting of the cashmere around the bottom. The sides of the dress are quite plain,

and are trimmed with a narrow bias band of the red surah. The drapery at the back is very simple. The very deep jacket buttons down to below the waist, where it slants off, showing the whole of the front of the skirt. It has a deep square collar and large pockets, and is trimmed with the cardinal-red surah. Felt bonnet, of grayish-green, trimmed with cardinal-red surah.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF LIGHT FAWN-COLORED PLAID DE BÈGE. The bottom is trimmed with three narrow ruffles, the middle one of which is of dark-brown silk. The skirt is plain, with drapery at the back, formed by a long piece of the material, looped. The Princess overdress is turned back at the front, faced with brown silk, and fastened with small steel buckles, passed through tongues of the silk. The body of the dress and sleeves are ornamented in the same way. Bonnet of gray felt, faced with brown, and trimmed with brown velvet and feathers.

FIGS. VI AND VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS, OF FINE WOOLEN STRIPED MATERIAL, IN SHADES OF BROWN. The skirt is bordered with a plaiting of the material, over which falls a vandyked band of plain brown woolen stuff. The tunic is slightly gathered across the front, draped at the back, and faced with brown satin. The cloth bodice has a vandyked basque in front, and plaits at the back, and is ornamented with a brown satin piping. Brown straw bonnet, trimmed with red roses.

FIGS. VIII AND IX.—BACK AND FRONT OF IN-DOOR DRESS, OF CHECKED FOULARD SILK. The skirt is laid in flat box-plaits (these are, of course, mounted on muslin, or some other inexpensive material). The tunic is cut on the cross in front, and folded as a scarf. It is draped high in the centre, and forms points at the side. The cashmere bodice is cut out in battlements, and trimmed with fancy braid and two rows of buttons.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is ornamented with maroon-colored velvet bands. The tunic, crossing in front, is draped at the side. The bodice, which is cut with a short basque, has a simulated waistcoat, an officer's collar in Spanish lace, and epaulettes of ribbon loops.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF ELECTRIC-BLUE CLOTH AND VELVET. The skirt is bordered with two satin kiltings, of electric-blue color. The cloth tunic is embroidered and scalloped, and trimmed with fleecy woolen pompons. The basque is of electric-blue velvet, with an embroidered collar.

FIGS. XII AND XIII.—ULSTER, BACK AND FRONT. If needed for cool weather, it can be made of any heavy cloth; if for warmer weather or traveling, it may be of alpaca, tussore, or cashmere, and lined with a plaid silk, or with any bright-colored one. The ulster is gathered at the shoulders, and falls straight almost to the edge of the skirt. It is open part way up the back, and buttoned down the front to the waist, where a belt draws it in to the figure. The wide sleeves are lined with colored silk, and turned back at the cuffs. The ribbons at the back, as well as those in front, are of the same color as the lining. The belt may be of the material of the ulster, or of leather. The dress is of black silk, trimmed with plaitings and gatherings.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF SEAL-BROWN STRAW, trimmed with twine-colored lace, and large roses outside and below the brim. Brown satin strings.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF GRAY STRAW, with brim turned up on the left side, and trimmed with black velvet and two black feathers.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with black velvet, and bird of Paradise, with long yellow feathers.

FIG. XVII.—JABOT COLLAR, made of Saxony lace, fastened beneath a velvet ribbon, and ornamented with a steel buckle.

FIG. XVIII.—OFFICER COLLAR, made of Mechlin lace and a band of dark-blue plush.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new spring goods, which have already appeared in the shops, come in the most delicate colors, but of a less faded hue than was so fashionable but a short time since.

It is quite impossible to name all the pretty woolen materials that come, but they are so soft, and adapt themselves so well to the drapery that is now used, that they are more popular than silks, and much less expensive. They are of all colors—some plain, some in soft indefinite plaids and stripes, and some spotted and figured. These last are exceedingly pretty, but should only be purchased when one has a number of gowns, as they are too pronounced to be put on and worn day after day; black, and unobtrusive colors, are much better, with a limited wardrobe. The same may be said of the make of a dress. If the purse is long and the gowns numerous, the colors and make may be more pronounced, but otherwise let both be quiet, and a variety made up with pretty fichus, knots of ribbon, little bunches of flowers, etc.

An old color has been revived; we mean the *reseda* or mignonette-color, which was so popular six or eight years ago. It is quiet and pretty.

A combination of colors, which some years ago would have made most women exclaim "how ugly," is very much worn, is carefully combined, and is very beautiful—we mean dark-red and pink. But not all reds and pinks go well together, therefore care must be taken in their use.

There is some alteration in the cut of skirts, which several of the leading dressmakers are adopting. The gored side-breadths are no longer used. The skirt, whether long or short, is cut with one middle-breadth, slightly sloped or curved towards the top at each side; the side-breadths are the same width at each end, made to fit the figure by two plaits at the waist, in each breadth; the back-breadths are quite straight, with the usual drawstrings to keep the fullness in place, but not to strain the front of the skirt. This is supposed to make the skirt set straight, instead of either clinging or going into a point, when the wearer moves. Skirts are much the same width, but there is a slight tendency to increased fullness. Dresses for elderly ladies are made a trifle longer, and drapery in graceful folds and fullness is taking the place of paniers. To make the drapery set well, small plaits are put in around the waist and on the hips, hidden by the basque of the bodice.

Bodices, when of cloth, and of a different material or color from the dress, are usually made tabbed, or cut in square ends or battlements. Coat-tail and postillion basques are also popular, as well as those with points front and back, for more dressy occasions. Sometimes the back has two points, from between which the drapery is passed, as in the second figure of our colored plate.

Long slender-looking waists are just now the fashion, so the shoulder-seams are short, the sleeves set in high up, the body-darts made quite low, and all trimmings on a bodice set straight and close down the front.

Traveling-dresses are now made jaunty and pretty: the old idea that "anything is good enough to travel in," being quite exploded. The dress should always be neat, well-fitting, and not conspicuous. Some soft woolen material, that will shed the dust easily, is the best—such as bunting and serge, and an admirable thing is a good India foulard or pongee, though these are more expensive.

Jackets, which are tight-fitting, as well as mantles, that are made with dolman sleeves or with no sleeves at all, but cut so that only the sides fall over the arm, are all equally worn. All depends on the fancy of the wearer.

Bonnets are small rather than large, even the pokes being smaller than were worn a year ago.

The new hats are high in the crown, with narrow brims;

but these are not becoming to all persons, and anything is worn that suits the individual taste.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The glossy taffetas silks that have been out of fashion for so long are being largely revived for dresses for young girls, but for evening and reception toilettes mostly. In pale-blue, pink, and mauve, they are very tasteful. They are made usually without any extraneous trimming, the short skirt being covered with four or five wide flounces, pinked at the edge, while the high corsage is made with slight paniers, continued into a drapery at the back of the skirt. The corsage is sometimes made with folds of the silk, shirred at the waist; these folds forming a fichu. For receptions or visiting, a toque or turban hat, in pale-colored plush and bead passementerie, matching the dress precisely in hue, is sometimes worn. Skirt fronts are now often trimmed with a series of flounces of the material, put on in deep curves, or else in slanting lines. The practice of making one side of the dress different from the other, is becoming more general, but requires careful management to give a good effect.

The pretty fashion of velvet corsages, worn with trained skirts of tulle, has been revived with great success for ball-room wear. But the skirt must no longer be of a paler shade than the corsage, but must match it precisely in tint, or else be entirely white. The very darkest shades of blue, crimson, and olive are employed, the long-trained tulle skirt being covered with full draperies, looped with flowers in contrasting hues. Thus, with a corsage of sapphire-blue velvet and a tulle skirt of the same dark tint, large red poppies are used for trimming, and pale-pink roses with a deep ruby dress. Worth has just finished a toilette of this style, in olive velvet and tulle, the flowers being long trailing garlands of exquisite tea-roses.

Ribbons are being largely employed in trimming, in the shape of loops and bows with floating ends, or else large set rosettes. The fashionable width is from an inch to an inch and a half, wide ribbon being rarely used. A very pretty trimming for a dress front, covered with lace draperies, is formed of long loops of ribbon, with long ends, arranged with three loops placed longitudinally, and finished with two ends, set around the hem and under the lowest lace flounce. This ribbon is of satin, in a pale tint, corresponding with that of the train of the dress. Similar rosettes, made very full, are placed upon the instep of the slippers to be worn with the toilette.

The latest style of opera-cloak is a loose long sacque, of pongee, foulard, or some other soft silk, plaited from the throat to the feet, and lined throughout with plush, in some brilliant color. This garment is fastened at the neck with a wide satin ribbon, of the same hue as the lining, and is drawn around the waist by another ribbon, placed inside. An ecru pongee, lined with brilliant red plush, and fastened with red satin ribbons, looks well; so, too, does a white foulard, with a very large chêne pattern of foliage, in pale-blue, made with a blue plush lining and blue ribbons. If figured silks or foulards are used, the pattern is always very large and scattered, and in chêne, *not* brocade. The plain materials are the most elegant for this purpose, and also the most fashionable. They must be of the very softest and most pliable nature, pongee being so far the most popular.

For a slender young girl, no prettier evening-dress can be devised than a short dress in cream, blue, or pale-pink satin, trimmed with swansdown. If the young lady is thin, and has a long slender throat, a Louis XV collar, of swansdown, forms an elegant and becoming finish to the open corsage. Sable fur, in narrow bands, is used for trimming dresses, in white or pale-pink satin, for young married ladies. It is extremely becoming to a fair complexion.

Several changes in style are to be noted in the coiffure. The hair is a good deal worn in a long narrow twist at the back, very much in the style of the old French twist, but less voluminous. Some attempt has been made to introduce the plainly parted hair and flat bandeaux affected by English ladies, but not even the prettiest of faces can stand this peculiarly unbecoming arrangement, and so frizzed and curled hair over the forehead remains in vogue. The very heavy masses of hair on the brow have been replaced by a light fluffiness, that is much prettier and more becoming. Shaded ostrich plumes are much worn in the hair by elderly ladies. They must match the dress in tint, unless black is worn, when the plume may be in shades of red or of lilac. A single very large flower, placed low at one side of the back of the head, is also popular.

Bonnet-strings, made of hemmed bias bands of velvet, are worn tied in a large bow under the chin, and having a small lace or scarf pin, in precious stones, to fasten the bow at one side. This pin should be small in size, and of an unobtrusive pattern—a diamond fly or horse-shoe being the most appropriate.

Monograms are no longer fashionable on note or letter paper. The most elegant of the Parisian *elegantes* now close their notes with a seal in red wax, stamped with a monogram or with a crest.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CHECKERED BÈGE, OF TWO SHADES OF GRAY. The bottom flounce is laid in alternate box and side plaits, and the upper one is only laid in side-plaits. The tunic is in shawl-points at the sides. The very deep cape crosses in front, with two long rounded ends, which pass around the waist and fasten at the back, beneath the cape, which is gathered up with a bunch of gray satin ribbon. The trimming of the cape is bias gray satin. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with soft gray satin and gray plume.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF BROWN CLOTH. The knickerbockers are of medium width. The coat has a kilt-plaiting around the bottom, beneath a belt. The coat is double-breasted, and has a wide collar.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The flounce is laid in small side-plaits. The coat is of white cashmere, braided in white, and has a cape also braided. Bonnet of white felt, trimmed with myrtle-green satin ribbon.

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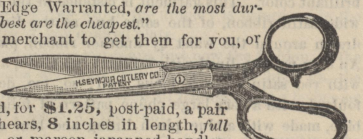
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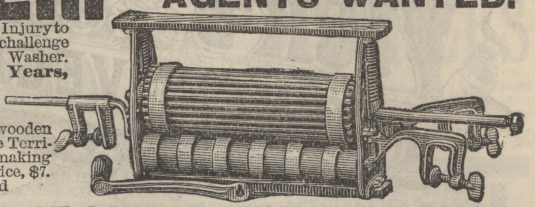
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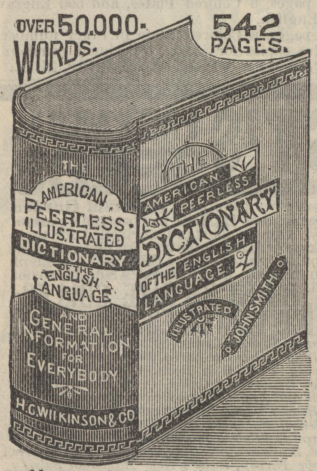
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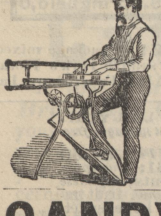
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HANSELL The Most Remarkable Raspberry ever Produced. Send for full account and a beautiful chromo of it. The finest stock in the U. S. of **SMALL FRUITS,** embracing all valuable varieties, also a superior stock of Fruit Trees. **Lovett's Small Fruits** are the best. Catalogue, brilliantly illustrated (colored plates), telling how to get and grow them, **honest** descriptions, fair prices, **free.** The most beautiful and useful Fruit Catalogue ever published. **J. T. LOVETT, Little Silver, N. J.,** *Introducer of Outhbert Raspberry & Manchester Strawberry.*

1883—SPRING—1883.

Now is the time to prepare your orders for **NEW** and **RARE** Fruit and Ornamental **Shrubs, Evergreens, ROSES, VINES, ETC.** **TREES**

Besides many Desirable Novelties; we offer the largest and most complete general Stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees in the United States. Abridged Catalogue mailed free. Address **ELLWANGER & BARRY, Mt. Hope Nurseries. Rochester, N. Y.**



BENSON, MAULE & CO.'S SEEDS HAVE NO SUPERIOR IN AMERICA. We intend to prove it this year to thousands of new customers; hence we offer our **SPECIALTIES for 1883.**

12 TRULY MAMMOTH AND BEST VEGETABLES viz: **Cuban Queen Watermelon,** the *largest* (90 lbs.) *and finest grown.* **Blerchfield Giant Cabbage,** the *new, superior, large, early.* **Giant Rocca Onion,** 2 to 3½ lbs., *mild and pleasant.* **Precursor Tomato,** *the earliest, worth 25c.* **Perfection Beet,** speaks for itself. **Bay view Musk-Melon,** *most luscious,* 18 to 20 lbs. **Large Tours Pumpkin, Monstrous Pepper, Mammoth Squash,** *all largest grown.* **Yard-Long Bean,** excellent quality. **New Stonehead Lettuce,** *early, very superior.* **Giant Stuttgart Radish,** large radish, 5 to 7 weeks. **Costing, at our regular price, $1.30** We will mail one packet each of **all the above 3 collections** (36 packets), **$1.** *We also offer to all who exhibit the above Vegetables next Fall at any State Fair. Cash* **PRIZES OF $25** *or if at any County Fair* **$10.** We also mail **10** packets worth **$1,** for **Eight 3 cent stamps.** **Choicest Flower Seeds** In less than seven years we have built up one of the **Largest Seed Businesses** in the U. S.; hence our seeds *must be good.* *All we ask is a trial.* Our *New Catalogue* will surprise you. **1,500 varieties, all warranted,** *300 illustrations.* It is mailed **FREE TO ALL.** **FOR 15 3-CENT STAMPS.**

No matter where you have been dealing, we can ***SAVE YOU MONEY.*** **Order above Collection, and write at once for Catalogue.** Address

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Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 175 pages, 600 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it!

D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT MICH.

READER! If you love **Rare Flowers,** *choicest only,* address ELLIS BROTHERS, Keene, N. H. It will astonish and please. **FREE.**

DOUBLE TUBEROSE "PEARL" To all who send **15c.** and their address, I will mail 2 flowering bulbs and directions for blooming this *sweetest of flowers;* also free to all, my *Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue,* containing colored plate of Latest Floral Novelty, **"BUTTERCUP"** ☞ NEW GOLDEN CARNATION PINK.

CHAS. T. STARR, Avondale, Chester Co., Pa.

"BUCHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. $1.

MAKE YOUR OWN RUGS

Turkish Rug Patterns, stamped in colors on Burlap. Permanent business for agents. Catalogue for stamp. E. S. Frost & Co., 22 Tremont Row, Boston. *Name this paper.*

Catarrh.

If you suffer from either ***Nasal*** or ***Bronchial Catarrh,*** and will send your address, a physician in regular practice for more than 30 years, will mail you, FREE, valuable information concerning ***Home Treatment.*** Address **S. W. BEALL, M.D., Springfield, Ohio.**

YOUR NAME In this style type *Minnie B. Rose* **On 50 elegant new Chromo Cards 10c. 14 pks. $1** Agts. make 50 per cent. Please send 20c for Agent's Album of samples, Premium List &c. Blank Cards at wholesale. NORTHFORD CARD WORKS, Northford, Conn.

IF YOU HAVE A GARDEN YOU NEED



ESTABLISHED 1845.

300 BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS,

With a richly colored plate of flowers, and a descriptive priced list of 2,000 varieties of FLOWER and VEGETABLE seeds, Bulbs, Plants, etc., with much useful information upon their culture. 150 pages. Mailed to all enclosing 6 cents to pay postage.

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YOUR NAME IN ELEGANT SCRIPT TYPE, on 50 Beautiful Imported Chromo Cards, 10c., 14 packs $1., 20 pearl bevel Gilt Edged Cards with lapped corners, 15c.. Agents' Large Album, containing all the Latest Styles of Imported, Bevel Edge and Satin Fringe Cards, with illustrated premium list and private terms to Agents, 25c. GORDON PRINTING CO., Northford, Ct. **CARDS**

40 Large Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name 10 cents Post-paid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

YOUR NAME on 50 Large Handsome Chromo Cards, 10c. They are entirely new, made expressly for our 1883 trade. 13 packs for $1 00. Agents Book of Samples, 25c. **Franklin Printing Co.** New Haven, Ct.

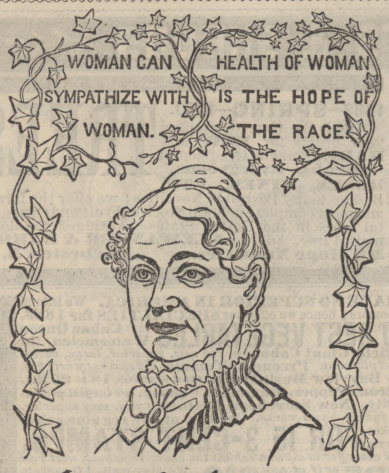
DON'T DIE in the house. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs. 15 cents.

50 Large Chromo, Motto, Roses, &c., new style cards, name on, **10c.** G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Conn.

50 Elegant Chromos, name on, in fancy case, 10c. 3 packs & Handsome Present, 30c. VANN & CO., Fair Haven, Ct.

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40 Lovely Chromos, name on, 1 model love letter, 10 love cards, all 10c. 6-50c. O. A. Brainard, Higganum, Ct.



Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

☞Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

☞FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

☞KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

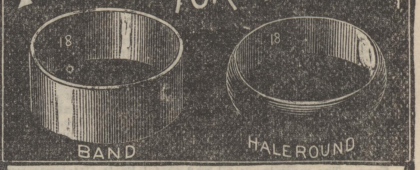
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

☞Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

☞LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

☞Sold by all Druggists.☜ (3)

YOUR CHOICE FOR ONLY 72¢



A ROLLED GOLD SOLID RING, makes a beautiful and valuable gift to a lady, gentleman or child, and in order to secure new customers for our firm, we will forward **POSTPAID** to any address in the United States or Canada, one of our **HEAVY 18K. ROLLED GOLD RINGS.** Either in **BAND, HALF ROUND,** or handsome **AMETHYST, GARNET, GOLD STONE, ONYX, IMITATION DIAMOND** or **AGATE SETTING,** on receipt of only **72 CENTS** each, in Silver or Postage Stamps, and if you desire we will **ENGRAVE** any **INITIAL, NAME, MOTTO OR SENTIMENT** on the inside of the ring **WITHOUT ANY EXTRA CHARGE,** provided you **CUT OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT,** and mail to us with amount, on or before **MAY 1st, 1888.** At the same time we send your ring we will mail you a bundle of our Catalogues, and feel sure that you will be so highly pleased with the ring, and that it will give such satisfaction that you will oblige us by distributing Catalogues sent you among your friends, at the same time showing them the beautiful ring you have received from us. You can in this way assist us in selling other goods of **STANDARD QUALITY** which we manufacture from new and original designs, and **GUARANTEE TO GIVE SATISFACTION. BY OUR FUTURE SALES WE MAKE OUR PROFIT.** Remember the ring we send you will be heavy **18K. ROLLED GOLD** and this unprecedented offer is made only to introduce our goods and Catalogues in your vicinity. Our firm is **OLD ESTABLISHED AND RELIABLE,** manufacturing first-class goods from the **PRECIOUS METALS.** We can only send out a **LIMITED NUMBER** of rings at price named, and to protect ourselves from jewelers and dealers ordering in quantities, we will insert this advertisement but **ONE TIME** in this paper, hence require you to cut it out and send to us that we may know you are **ENTITLED TO THE BENEFITS OF THIS OFFER.** Under no circumstances will we send **MORE THAN TWO RINGS** to any person sending us 72 cents each and this advertisement. But after your order and other rings are desired, we will furnish **18K. SOLID GOLD RINGS** at prices given in our Illustrated Catalogue, ranging from $5 to $10 each. If you wish one ring send this advertisement and 72 cents, if you wish two rings send this advertisement and $1.44. If more than two are desired you must pay full prices as quoted in our Catalogue. To ascertain the size ring you wear cut a piece of paper so it will just meet around the finger and send the slip to us. State which you want, **BAND, HALF ROUND** or **STONE RING.** If you order a stone ring state **WHICH KIND OF STONE IS DESIRED,** and also write plainly what you wish **ENGRAVED** on inside of ring. **CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT AND SEND TO US BEFORE MAY 1st, 1888.** It is safe to send small amounts through the mails, or you can send by Money Order, or Registered Letter. Address,

G. W. PETTIBONE & CO., 25 Maiden Lane, New York.



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Price from 75 cents to $150. Circulars free. Book of type, cuts, &c., 10 cents.

55 kinds of blank cards for 10 cents.

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50 Chromos, Latest Designs, no two alike, 10c. 13 packs $1. Elegant premiums given. Illustrated list with each order. Album of Samples, 25c. E. D. Gilbert, Higganum, Ct.

DON'T FORGET Where to Send for **50** very best **NEW CARDS,** just issued for **1883,** for **10c.** 15 packs **$1.** All Chromos. The loveliest fancy designs ever seen. **To excel in quality is our aim.** Name in new style type. Sample Book of all styles, **Bevel Edge Imported** Holiday and Birthday Cards, **with 24 page illustrated** Premium List, **25c.** Outfit **10c.** E. F. EATON & CO. Northford, Conn.

100 Scrap Pictures (C), $10 bill (curiosity), and 15 money-making secrets, for 10 three-cent stamps. **J. FAY, Montpelier, Vt.**

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris. 1878.
The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 332, 351, 170, and his other styles.
Sold throughout the World.

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MRS. THOMPSON'S



PATENT WAVES

PAT.
FEB. 6, 1877.

ARE BETTER THAN ALL OTHERS!

1.—*The PATENT SPRING conforms itself in shape to EVERY head.*
2.—*They DO NOT HAVE A FALSE, wiggy look, as all others have.*
3.—*They cannot tear or break apart, but outwear THREE of any ware made.*
4.—*They CANNOT WRINKLE or SHRINK with dampness, but keep their shape for years.*
5.—*They do not fade as quickly, for they don't require dressing as often as others.*
6.—*They are only dressed with a WET COMB, when they get MUSSED, and are known to remain in order for a year without redressing.*
7.—*I GUARANTEE EVERY ONE to be CURLY HAIR, or refund the money if not.*
8.—*MOST IMPORTANT: Every lady can look young and attractive with a THOMPSON WAVE,* AS HUNDREDS WILL ACKNOWLEDGE *They look ten years younger.*
9.—*As I have 10 different styles of THOMPSON WAVES, every fancy can be gratified.*

☞ **Beware of parties endeavoring to sell you Waves representing them to be the Thompson Wave, as I do not allow any other Dealer to sell my goods.**

HEADQUARTERS OF

MRS. C. THOMPSON,

No. 39 East 14th Street, NEW YORK.



50 CARDS Latest yet, name nicely printed, 10c. Quickest returns. Agents make money. Beautiful Sample Book and Largest Outfit, 25c. Clinton & Co. North Haven, Ct. **Give us a Trial Order.**

BEST CARDS SOLD! All new: 50 Large, Perfect Chromos, name on, 10c Beautiful designs of Art. **Satisfaction Sure.** Elegant Album of Samples, with Mammoth Illustrated Premium List, 25c. **Good Work. Prompt Returns. F. W. Austin,** New Haven, Ct.

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30 Gilt-Edge Compliment Cards, with name and elegant Case, 10 cents. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

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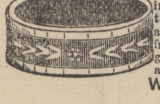
40 Of the loveliest Chromo Cards you ever saw, with name, 10c. O. Card Co., Yellow Springs, O.

A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH **AND NOT WEAR OUT.**

SOLD by Watchmakers. By Mail, 25 cts. Circulars FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO, 38 Dey St., N. Y.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

LOVERS' Package, greatest thing out! For young men and ladies. With this package you can make those laugh who never laugh. You can have heaps of fun. Don't fail to order one. Only 10c. post-paid. WORTH BROS., 728 Sixth St. N. Y.



FREE! FREE! FREE! In order to introduce other goods and secure future trade, we will on receipt of 12 3c. stamps, and the names and addresses of 12 of your friends, send you by return mail an Elegant Gold Ring. 2 only will be sent to one address for 50c. and 24 names.
W. SIZER, 7 Warren Street, N. Y.

TRADE **KIDNEY-WORT** MARK

HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or a disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use KIDNEY-WORT at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

It is a SURE CURE for all
DISEASES of the LIVER.

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring, to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, KIDNEY-WORT is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.
☞ It Acts at the same time on the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. ☜ For Constipation, Piles, or Rheumatism it is a permanent cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1. (56)

TRADE **KIDNEY-WORT** MARK

CATARRH

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address **Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.**

"MOTHER SWAN'S Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c.

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50 All New Chromo Cards for 1883. Name on, 10c., or 40 Gold and Silver, 10c. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

CARDS 50 New Chromo Cards with name 10c. Blank Cards to Printers 50c. per M and upward. Agents wanted. Send for Catalogue & 1 doz. samples, 6c. Game of Authors, 20c. CLINTON BROTHERS & Co., Publishers of Chromo Cards, Clintonville, Conn.

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100 Scrap Pictures, 10c.; 100 Transfer Pictures, 10c.; 5 Easter Cards, 10c.; 5 Birthday Cards, 10c.; 12 Perforated Mottoes, 10c.; 5 Chromos 6 x 8, 10c.; 3 Oil Chromos 9 x 12, 10c.; 3 Engravings 9 x 12, 10c.: all for 60c. Post-paid.
J. W. FRIZZELL, Baltimore, Md.

HIBISCUS COCCINEUS.

One of the **handsomest new** perennials known. Flowers a brilliant crimson. Plants from seed bloom the first year. Seed per package only 10cts. post paid, plants, $1. Silver or postage stamps taken. Address A. E. KINGSLEY & Co., Seedsmen, Box 443, New Haven, Ct.



R. H. MACY & CO.

GRAND CENTRAL FANCY AND DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT.

14th Street, 6th Avenue, & 13th Street, New York City.

The above cut represents our Restaurant, which is situated on second floor, centre of building, fronting Sixth Avenue.

This department was originated four years ago, in a small way, to accommodate a few of our out-of-town customers, but has rapidly grown in public favor, and is now patronized not only by our out-of-town customers, but by nearly all who come to our establishment to do their shopping, and who find it a great convenience.

The success of this department is to be attributed to the fact that we have applied to it the same system that is applied to all our other departments, viz: first-class goods at low prices.

We would advise all who have not yet secured one of our new catalogues to send for one, as it will be found useful in making up a mail order.

C. B. WEBSTER,
J. B. WHEELER, } *Firm.*

R. H. MACY & CO.



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BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



GOSSAMER
WATERPROOF GARMENTS.

5 GRAND MEDALS.
Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1878.
Centennial Exhibition, Phila., 1876.

The Public are cautioned against WORTHLESS IMITATIONS of our Waterproof Garments that are put on the Market in a manner to deceive. The GENUINE QUALITY, which has stood the test of every climate, and are manufactured by a SECRET PROCESS KNOWN ONLY TO OURSELVES, have our full firm name on the loop of each garment, or other evidence that it is genuine.

GOSSAMER RUBBER CLOTHING CO.
72 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

50 Beautiful Chromo Cards with name, 10c. Send 3 names and thirty cents, and we will send a fourth pack free. **ROYAL CARD CO.,** Northford, Conn.

COLTON'S SELECT FLAVORS

FAMILIES seek them "THE BEST." DEALERS treble sales with

OF THE CHOICEST FRUITS AND SPICES.

Pure, Rich Flavoring Extracts of Choicest Fruits. One-third quantity more than equals ordinary flavors.



SILK ORNAMENTS.

EQUAL TO FINEST HAND PAINTING.

Prepared for decorating Silk, Satin, and other fabrics. Very artistic, and yet so readily understood, that of these flowers, sprays, etc., of fine tints and delicate coloring, combinations of rare beauty are easily made. Desirable for decorating Odor Bottles, Tidies, Cushions, Lamp Shades, Sachets, etc.

25c., 50c. & $1.00 sample packages sent on receipt of price.

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RETAIL DEPARTMENT,
No. 6 WEST 14th STREET,
NEAR FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.



Leading Numbers: 14, 048, 130, 333, 161.
For Sale by all Stationers.
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.



NEW CARDS FOR 1883

Name neatly printed in pretty type on 50 ENAMEL CHROMO Cards, no 2 alike, Just out, 10 cts. 20 GILT BEVEL-EDGE, ass'd turned corners and plain, 15c. 12 PEARL FLORALS, imp'd, new embossed hand designs, 20c. 12 SWISS FLORALS, name covered by hand and flowers, 25c. Send 25c. for new Album of Samples for Agents. Reduced Price Lists &c. 200 NEW DESIGNS added this season. Orders promptly filled. BLANK CARDS at wholesale. STEVENS BROS. & CO. Northford, Conn.

Webster's Unabridged.

118,000 Words,
3000 Engravings,
&c., &c., &c.

"A LIBRARY IN ITSELF."

An ever-present and reliable school master to the whole family.—*S. S. Herald.*

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will deserve the reputation of former years by the continued addition of all the embellishments and improvements that costly and skilled artisans can produce.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, with elegant and varied styles, sent free to all applicants.

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FOR 1883.

EUROPE Excursion Parties will leave New York in April, May, June and July.

Tourist Tickets for individual travelers to all parts of Europe at reduced rates, available at any time.

Passage Tickets by all Atlantic steamers. Special facilities for securing good berths.

CALIFORNIA The Yosemite Valley and Colorado. A Grand Excursion embracing the most sublime scenery on the American Continent is being organized to leave New York about May 1st, at greatly reduced fares. All travel in Palace Cars.

Cook's Excursionist, containing full particulars of all our arrangements, by mail, 10 cents.

THOS. COOK & SON, 261 Broadway, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay until Cured. J. L. STEPHENS, M. D., Lebanon, Ohio.

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.

ROYAL (Absolutely Pure)

GRANT'S (Alum Powder) *

RUMFORD'S (Phosphate), when fresh

HANFORD'S, when fresh.

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CLEVELAND'S (Short weight, ¾ oz.)

PIONEER (San Francisco)

CZAR

DR. PRICE'S

SNOW FLAKE (Groff's, St. Paul).

[illegible]

[illegible]GRESS.

HECKER'S

GILLET'S

HANFORD'S, when not fresh

C. E. ANDREWS & CO. (Contains alum.)
(Milwaukee.) "Regal." *

BULK (Powders sold loose)

RUMFORD'S, when not fresh.

REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

AS TO THE PURITY AND WHOLESOMENESS OF THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

"I have tested a package of ROYAL BAKING POWDER, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream-of-tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances.

"E. G. LOVE, PH. D."

"It is a scientific fact that the ROYAL BAKING POWDER is absolutely pure.

"H. A. MOTT, PH. D."

CHILDS' IMPROVED AMARYLLIS TREATEA



This cut represents our beautiful Amaryillis Treatea, or Fairy Lily. It is one of the most beautiful of the great Amaryllis family, and one of the prettiest of all flowers, either for pot or garden culture. It commences to grow and bloom profusely immediately after planted, and creates a sensation wherever seen. It grows 12 to 15 inches high, flowers very large, pure white, and sweet scented. Planted in the garden they bloom during May, June and July, but in pots they will bloom also in Winter. To thoroughly introduce them we offer large select bulbs at very low prices, and send them by mail postpaid, packed secure from frost and guaranteed to arrive in good condition. Postage stamps accepted for pay. The stock we supply is the only one in the world of the true improved variety. We send **1 Bulb to any address for 15 cents, 2 for 25 cents, 3 for 35 cents, 6 for 60 cents, 12 for $1.10, 25 for $2, 50 for $3.75, or 100 for $7.** Any boy or girl can, by canvassing their neighborhood, get orders for from 10 to 100 at 15 cents each, and by purchasing them at dozen or hundred rates, make a handsome profit. Many have made $5 per day selling them. We want an agent in every town to sell these bulbs. With each order we will send free full directions for culture.

Our large beautifully illustrated Catalogue of **SEEDS, BULBS and PLANTS** mailed free to all who anticipate purchasing anything in our line. New and beautiful Lilies (100 kinds) Amaryllis, Gladiolus, Tuberoses, Carnations, Roses, Flower and Vegetable Seeds and **Small Fruits.** Our list of Amaryllis and Lilies the best in America. We are the largest retailers of named Gladiolus in the world. We will send by mail post-paid 10 superb named Gladiolus, 10 sorts for 60 cents; 12 large double Pearl Tuberoses for 85 cents; 5 fine hardy Lilies for 75 cents. Order at once or send for catalogue. Our illustrated book of Lilies describes 200 varieties and tells how to grow them, 15 cents per copy post-paid. Preserve this advertisement as it may not appear again in this paper and remember that our goods have an established reputation, are warranted true, and go to all parts of the world. Address **J. LEWIS CHILDS, Queens, N. Y.**